THEATRE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1917

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

We shall try to make 1918 a merry year for you by furnishing a monthly treat—the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

No disheartening war horrors—all bright, snappy articles, exquisite pictures and up-to-the-minute news about the most entertaining institution in the land—the theatre.

A NEW theatre manager has come to town. He has new ideas, new methods. His name is Jacques Copeau.

Of course you know all about his Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—the youngest and most vital of the theatres of France. It is one of the features of art life in Paris.

From now on, until the end of the war, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier has been transferred to New York. It will be the centre of French culture here.

In the January THEATRE M. Copeau himself will tell of his aims and ideals, and show in what way his theatre is different from our commercialized playhouses.

IT is important in these distressing war times that people be entertained.

The layman has the theatres which he can frequent when he has the time, inclination—and money.

But the soldier, far away from Broadway's glare, needs diversion, too. So if the soldier can't go to the theatre the theatre must go to the soldier.

And it has.

Read all about the theatrical activities in the training camps in the informative article Montrose J. Moses has written for the next number.

Watch for the pictures! Some of your friends will surely be in them.

EVERY day countless aspirants walk into managers' offices and ask, "What are my chances?"

In most cases the chance for real success is decidedly slim. Laurette Taylor feels that the reasons for this are manifold. She believes that if we are to have a truly great stage we must give all aspirants a chance,—and then, if they really show any ability at all, train them properly. Miss Taylor herself rose from the ranks, step by step, and she knows what the fight means. A vitally interesting article in the January THEATRE by an actress who has "made good."

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Editor

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THE Ego (Ego with a capital E) of theatrical folk has always been the subject of jest by writers.

Hubert Saville has contributed to the January issue an amusing sketch entitled "I—I—I—I" which satirizes the opinions actor-folk have of themselves.

NOW that the opera has opened, and the musical season is well launched, you'll want to keep abreast of the times, won't you?

Then follow our special music department, edited by Charles D. Isaacson, an expert in the musical field.

To follow this department for one month is to read it always.

Read this issue, and we're sure you'll not want to miss the January.

HAVE you ever tried to buy a theatre ticket?

It sounds easy if you've got the money.

But it isn't. The seat you'd like to sit in is seldom for sale.

What New Yorker hasn't got hot under the collar disputing the fact with the box-office man.

What is the reason?

In the next number we'll let you into the secret of how the theatre ticket business is handled in this town—how the agencies are conducted and where the speculator comes in.

The public, as usual, is the goat.

The ticket business has always been a mystery to the theatregoer. It will be so no longer after reading the article in our next issue.

DON'T be a back-number. Start the New Year right. Learn about things worth while in the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Subscription—$3.50 a year.

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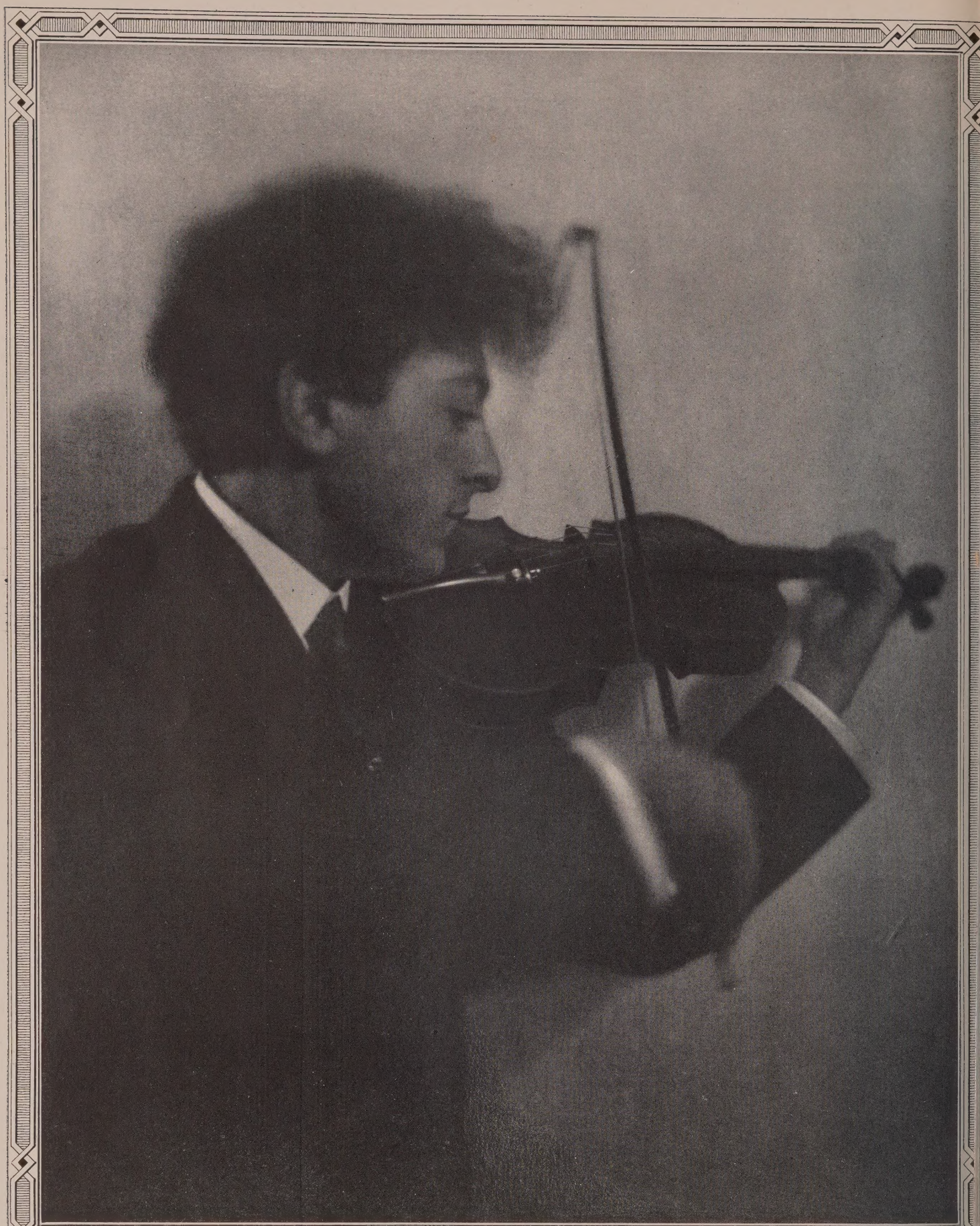


From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

JASCHA HEIFETZ

This young Russian violinist has astonished the New York musical critics, who declare he plays with the authority of a master

See page 369 *for new department,* "MUSIC FOR EVERYONE," CONDUCTED BY CHARLES D. ISAACSON

THEATRE MAGAZINE

WHEN THE PRESIDENT GOES TO THE PLAY

By JULIA CHANDLER

FROM George Washington to Woodrow Wilson the Presidents of the United States have found the theatre a bourne. It has afforded a surcease from cares of State found in equal proportion by the men at the helm of the nation in no other form of recreation. Generously they have acknowledged their debt of gratitude to plays and players for wafting them out of the world of stern reality into the Land-Of-Make-Believe, from which they have come back to steer the Ship of State with steadier hand and clearer vision.

In the infancy of this great Republic Washington admitted that the theatre was a potent factor of refreshment, and was a frequent attendant at the playhouse. Abraham Lincoln found the stage to be his most effective relief from the national sorrows that all but overwhelmed him. When his heart was most oppressed by the Civil War he would slip away quietly to some play that would divert his mind for a few hours, always returning from his brief respite with judgment cleared for the untangling of the knotted skein in his hands, and it was in Ford's Theatre, Washington, as we all know, that Booth's treacherous bullet sent the martyr President across the Great Divide.

OF administrations that have come under my personal observation during a period of dramatic criticism covering many years in Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and Woodrow Wilson have all been enthusiastic theatregoers, but none so constant an attendant at the playhouse as President Wilson, who possesses a keen appreciation of the value of the theatre as a restorative to tired nerves, and a balance wheel in hours of stupendous mental stress.

Of Mr. Wilson's immediate predecessors Mr. Roosevelt commanded the attention of Washington audiences in his hearty applause of a telling speech in a play, which he never failed to accord with a strenuosity equal to that which he applies to politics, while Mr. Taft's unconfined laughter was a never ceasing joy to spectators in the theatre. President Taft was partial to comedy and his merriment was as unconstrained as that of his less distinguished neighbors whenever a clever bit of business or repartee tickled his risabilities. He is the only President of the United States that I have ever known to offer a public demonstration of personal appreciation of an artist beyond that of applause.

On the evening that Julia Sanderson made her debut as a star, Mr. Taft and his party sat in the left-hand stage box in the Columbia Theatre in Washington. The late Charles Frohman partially hid himself from the view of the audience behind a curtain in the adjoining box, and the house was packed beyond a comfortable capacity. Miss Sanderson scored such a personal triumph in "The Sunshine Girl" that Mr. Taft stood up in his box and flung a huge bunch of American Beauty roses on the stage at her feet Not satisfied to express his appreciation in his gift of flowers, through an usher, the then President made public his satisfaction in Miss Sanderson's performance, and in so doing temporarily "broke up the show," for the audience sprang to its feet, hand-clapping, stamping, and howling applause. It was some ten minutes before the play was allowed to proceed.

LIKE Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft was democratic in his theatregoing, finding it possible to enjoy a stock or vaudeville performance at any time. He occupied a box at Poli's Washington theatre the evening that the world was held in frozen horror over the sinking of the Titanic. The occasion was the inaugural of the Poli stock company in Washington, and Mr. Taft remained until the end of the performance although it was with ever increasing anxiety as one "extra" after another was brought to him, each in its turn furnishing more convincing proof of the loss of his Aide, Major Archie Butt, whose heroism in the *Titanic* disaster is now a matter of history.

The love of Woodrow Wilson for the theatre covers every phase of art. When he stepped into the Presidential boots made empty by Mr. Taft, he turned precedent topsy-turvy, making it instantly obvious that he had no intention of burdening himself with his Presidential office when he went out pleasure bound.

Upon the occasion of his first visit to a Washington playhouse as President of the United States, Mr. Wilson sent a message to the management of the Columbia Theatre, which he had selected for attendance on that evening, that he would appreciate the abandonment of the customary demonstration made by the theatres of the Nation's Capital upon the arrival of that Nation's President.

Precedent had established a rule that the orchestra should always play "The Star-Spangled Banner" upon the entrance of the Presidential party to the President's box, whereupon the audience should stand and remain standing until the music ceased, which was the inevitable cue for applause and the President's smiling acknowledgement from his box.

Mr. Wilson expressed a wish that he be allowed to slip into his box without any such attention. He entertains a strong prejudice against sensationalism of any sort, and argued that his amusement was his personal affair which he had no wish to turn into an opportunity for self-aggrandizement.

THE management of the Columbia Theatre was frankly astounded. Mr. Frank Metzerott who, with his brother, owns that playhouse, wore an end-of-the-world expression. As far back as there had been any United States to have a President, that President had been honored by this delicate acknowledgement of his presence in the theatre, until playing the National Air had become a very much beloved tradition, and one that added brilliance to any theatrical scene of which he was a part.

"What in the world will the audience think and say?" Mr. Metzerott demanded to know of everybody he met that fateful day.

But it turned out to be not so much a question of what people said or thought as it was of what they did. I happened to be present on the occasion of Mr. Wilson's first *entrée* into theatredom after he became President of the United States, and was, therefore, an interested spectator of the result of the President's disconcerting request. Without any sort of trumpet flare he slipped quietly into the Presidential box, but in an instant about half the audience, recognizing him, promptly rose to its feet. Embarrassed by the obvious public expectation the orchestra ignored the orders of the management and uncertainly struck up the National Air, but by the time the tardy music had begun that half of the audience which had risen upon recognition of the President's presence had become reseated, and the entire house was divided between two minds until Mr. Wilson, seeing the confusion his departure from tradition had caused, rose graciously to the relief of the situation, smiling his acknowledgement of the good intention and good will of the audience. Nevertheless he thereafter rigidly adhered to his determination that his entrance to the Washington theatres should be marked by no demonstration although it was many months after he took up his abode in the White House before his wish in the matter was sufficiently understood to prevent isolated examples of instant standing upon the recognition of his presence in his box.

THE Belasco Theatre in Washington, being but a stone's throw from the White House, the President walks to it in pleasant weather, particularly if he is entertaining there a party of men. At other times he drives to a side door, entering the theatre through a specially lighted and carpeted entrance which is bounded by a movable screen that gives the party free and easy entrance and exit to and from the playhouse. In the Belasco the President's box was formerly one of the stage boxes, but, at Mr. Wilson's request, it has been changed to one of those in the "Ambassadors' Tier." There are twenty-eight boxes in this beautiful Washington theatre, all on the mezzanine floor. That reserved for Mr. Wilson is directly in the center of the house in that tier of boxes which manager L. Stoddard Taylor appropriately named the "Ambassadors' Tier" because it is so constantly frequented by Ambassadors, Ministers, and Statesmen.

While the box selected by Mr. Wilson undoubtedly gives him a better perspective for the scenes of the play than that at the side of the stage heretofore occupied by United States

Presidents, it is to be strongly suspected that the President had in mind, when requesting it, the fact that it places his party in a position to be less "the observed of all observers" when he elects to attend the Belasco Theatre.

At the New National Theatre the boxes are arranged in groups on either side of the stage, so that here there has been no opportunity for Mr. Wilson to depart from precedent in the matter of his occupancy of Box B, the second from the stage on the left, which was honored by his illustrious predecessors. Here as at all the other Washington theatres the Presidential box is flag-draped upon each occasion of his occupancy of it, and, since our entrance into the war against Prussianism, the theatres of the Nation's Capital have resumed the playing of the National Air preliminary to every performance, not in honor of Mr. Wilson's presence at any time, in contradiction to his wishes, but purely as a matter of patriotism.

When the President goes to the theatre he is accompanied by a number of Secret Service men. The playhouse selected by him for attendance is notified by noon, whereupon the Presidential box is reserved for his use, and seats are laid aside in various parts of the house for the Secret Service men. At the National he is met at a private entrance by the head usher who escorts him to his box. He arrives always promptly, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, and sometimes with a party sufficiently large to necessitate the use of two boxes, although this is seldom the case. The President invariably remains in his seat until the very close of the play when he departs with a cheerful good-night to theatre attendants, and, if the owner or manager of the theatre is within earshot, frequently expresses the pleasure he has found in the performance.

The beauty of Mrs. Wilson attracts much attention in the theatres of Washington. Always flawlessly gowned, and usually wearing a corsage bouquet of orchids, she is inevitably the central figure of any brilliant audience in the one city in America where evening clothes are the social rule in every first class playhouse. I was present upon Mrs. Galt's first appearance in the theatre with her fiancé, after the public announcement of her engagement to Mr. Wilson had been made and I dare say she received more attention from the audience than did the play itself. Although her stately figure is now a familiar one beside the President, Mrs. Wilson's presence never fails to elicit a flutter of interest, nor furnish an added note of charm and brilliance to an audience.

As for the personal preference entertained by Mr. Wilson in the matter of plays it would be difficult to determine from much observation of him at the theatre. He receives a good comedy with a quiet chuckle. Drama absorbs his close attention. He attends a vaudeville performance frequently. To all appearances he finds musical comedy pleasant entertainment

The lure of melodrama for the President wa recently proven in his attendance of Davi Belasco's picturesque production of "Tige Rose," which had a preliminary week in Wash ington before its opening in October at th Lyceum Theatre, New York. Plays that hav dark scenes have always been taboo for Presi dential attendance, the thought prevailing tha they are invitations to the assassin. So it wa not supposed by the Belasco Theatre manage ment that Mr. Wilson would venture to se "Tiger Rose" because that tale of the grea Northwest offers one scene that is partiall played in darkness.

At all times Mr. Wilson is such an excellen audience in the theatre that it is interesting t watch his expressive face. One thus watchin his absorption in a performance is left no doub that he finds within the hospitable doors of Wash ington playhouses a refreshment of thought tha sends him back to the Executive Mansion t meet the problems of the Nation with clarifie vision, steadier purpose, and renewed inspira tion.

There is certainly no doubt that the hour which Mr. Wilson spends in the theatre have t him just that value found there by Abrahan Lincoln, for the frequency of the President's at tendance of theatrical entertainment has increase in proportion to the increasing gravity of th National situation.

DO WE FACE A THEATRICAL CRISIS?

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ALTHOUGH the American people are now engaged in the most terrific struggle of all history, there is no sound reason why they should deny themselves wholesome amusement. To relieve public depression and offset the horrors of war, man needs the spiritual elixir of the theatre. All the belligerent governments have recognized the truth of this and have even gone to the extent of improvising stages in the trenches so the soldiers may forget temporarily at least their perilous, nerve-racking duties. The THEATRE MAGAZINE was the first among American periodicals to insist on the importance of the theatres being kept open as usual during the present crisis in the Nation's life. In our issue of September last, Dr. Frank Crane wrote:

"In war time it is of the utmost importance that the theatre should realize its opportunity. The theatre's greatest mission is to take men out of themselves. Without diversion the soul of man grows hard, and is subject to dangerous manias."

War stress, it is said, has hit the theatre. Some of our leading managers, William A. Brady and Marc Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger, among others, are very much wrought up over the situation. They complain of a serious falling off in theatre attendance and hold the new war tax on theatre tickets largely responsible.

Some managers urge the lowering of actors' salaries as one way of meeting the crisis. Mr. Klaw said he wouldn't be surprised if more theatres were dark by January 1st than ever before.

Mr. Brady believes that the theatre is about to undergo one of the most trying periods of its history. "We are," he says, "on the edge of a still panic, and in these circumstances it is only natural that the theatre as a luxury should be among the first to suffer. The theatre is facing a period of readjustment as the result of the war, and business, if anything, will become worse as the war continues and taxes increase." He added, "New York, in my opinion, has about twice as many theatres as it can support."

In his last remark, Mr. Brady seems to have stumbled upon the crux of the matter. Everyone has long known there are far too many theatres in this town. In order to keep their stages occupied all the time, the managers are compelled to literally shovel on plays, no matter how poor they may be, or how inadequately rehearsed. The result is a huge crop of failures. During the last few weeks, no fewer than twelve productions have been made at leading Broadway theatres and the plays discontinued after a few performances. Among these rank failures may be mentioned "Furs and Frills," "Anthony in Wonderland," "The Claim," "The Barton Mystery," "Romance and Arabella," etc., etc.

But there is a brighter side to the medal.

Many of the plays now being presented in New York are doing a very big business. How is it that these are not affected by "war conditions?" Take for instance, "Tiger Rose," "A Tailor-Made Man," "Jack O' Lantern," "Polly with a Past," "Leave it to Jane," etc. The managers of these plays are not complaining of poor business or slim attendance. Their theatres are packed to the doors every night.

Yon don't find Mr. Belasco among the calamity howlers. Why? Because Mr. Belasco is one of the few theatre managers in this country who knows his business from the box-office to the stage door. He doesn't pitchfork plays on to the stage. He takes his time in selecting them, takes a year to rehearse them, and in consequence rarely has a failure.

This, in my opinion, is the secret of the the atrical depression to-day. Too many theatre too many slipshod productions, too many mar agers who don't manage. The theatre is a bus ness like every other business. A play is a com modity, which will please or displease the cus tomer. If a dry goods merchant stocks up h place with a lot of poor merchandise, he is go ing to have it left on his hands. If the the trical manager stocks up his theatres with poo plays, he is going to have empty seats left o his hands.

It is significant that the two men who are com plaining most loudly just now have both recent made productions which failed to draw—M Brady, "The Land of the Free," and Mr. Klaw "The Riviera Girl."

Give the public what the public wants, an then we shall hear less about empty seats in th theatres.

In a special message to the members of th Drama League of Boston, Frank Choute Brown, president of the Boston branch, say

"We in America are only just beginning realize that in war time clean, healthy amus ment is as necessary—or even more necessary than in times of peace! It is most certain 'up to' that part of our community that has a ways turned to the theatre to there find the pleasure and recreation, to see to it that th continue their support of that institution to render gladly their personal part contributing the new 10 per cent. tax theatre tickets; to make any such needed sa rifice elsewhere as will enable them not in a way to diminish their custom of theatregoin because in order for us to win the war, it necessary for us to maintain and support all o regular business enterprises.

Photos White

HENRY E. DIXEY AS ALI BABA

FLORENCE REED AS ZAHRAT-AL-KULUB

TYRONE POWER AS CHU CHIN CHOW

Florence Reed

Tyrone Power

CHU RETURNS FROM THE SLAVE MARKET WITH ZAHRAT A PRISONER

"CHU CHIN CHOW"—A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE AT MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By JAMES O'NEILL

AS EDMOND DANTES

IT was Kilkenny—smiling Kilkenny, usually mentioned in connection with a vanishing pair of unconquerable cats—where I was born one opal-tinted day in October, 1847. I beg leave to think that were I permitted to chose a birthplace for any Irishman's child, be he dreamy-eyed son of Erin with star fire in his heart or laughing gossoon with song on his lip and roguery in his eye; 'twould be that same little town in old Leinster.

There Richard Strongbow's castle still stands to tincture the imagination of Kilkenny lads with the same spirit of fiery romance that brought Strongbow himself, second Earl of Pembroke, to Kilkenny in 1140, to place his English arms at the service of King Dermott who had been driven from his ancient throne. Pity 'tis that this gallant young Strongbow was not Kilkenny born! It's a true Irish romance how he beat off King Dermott's foes and married his lovely daughter Princess Eva of Leinster—a story Kilkenny babes learn on their grand-dam's knee to this day.

In the shadow of Strongbow's castle I was born and there in the grassy closes of the old cathedral founded ten years after his coming, I tumbled and played and crowed lustily with the babes of my time.

Not long, however, did I breathe in the air of drama and romance that fills the valley of the Nore, for while I was still a bit of a lad in skirties my parents emigrated to America and settled in Buffalo.

IN 1857 we removed to Cincinnati, where I grew up. It was a favorite saying of my father that if he had ten sons every one of them would be brought up to a trade. Little faith put he in professions: a good honest trade was his idea of the best equipment he could bestow upon his children, and so at an early age I was apprenticed to a machinist.

Somehow the clank of iron, the ring of the hammer, the heavy glow of the forge seemed unattuned to the romance of Kilkenny's mossy towers where walked the shadowy ghosts of Congreve, and Bishop Berkeley, of Dean Swift and Farquhar—Irishmen all, who wore their college gowns in and out of the grassy quadrangle of the venerable seat of learning that is Kilkenny's boast. Not without paternal expostulation, therefore, I exchanged the trade of a machinist for the "profession" of clothier. And so three or four years went along, careless young years, when spare evenings were spent poring over a Shakespeare given me by an elder sister, or losing myself in the land of romance at the theatre where I was an established gallery god.

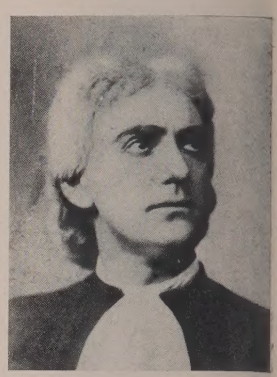
I BELIEVE I had a subconscious assurance—the promise of a sublime—possibly a ridiculous faith—that I should be an actor one day, although no possibility seemed more remote. However, what's an Irish lad without his dream? And so I carried mine along with me cherishing it when possibly I should have been engrossed in broadcloths, or cassimeres, doeskins, nankeens or other fabrics familiar to the clothier of that day. However, one evening I was spending the hour before the theatre door should open in a game of billiards with a friend, when there rushed hurriedly into the room a chap named Cooper, who was captain of supers at the old National Theatre, sometimes called the Drury Lane of the West.

"What's the matter, Cooper?" asked my friend, not without pride at being able to show so much familiarity with an overlord of the theatre.

"Confound it," sputtered that functionary, "my supers have gone on strike and there are no guests for the ball in "Colleen Bawn."

"I'll go if you'll go," challenged my friend and I, in one breath, and Cooper eagerly accepted our offer, directed us how to find the wardrobe man, and fled to find other guests.

To-day I remember photographically the details of that night—the mystery of the scene—setting, the peculiar smell, mingled of paint and smoke of gas and canvas, characteristic odor of the stage the world over, the lights, the wrong-side-out-edness of it all captured my fancy and stirred my imagination.



IN "MONTE CHRISTO"

We were all young lords at that party, but to me fell the most resplendent attire in the theatre—velvet breeches, satin embroidered coat, ruffles at wrist and throat with a perfect golconda of diamond knee buckles and shoe latches.

As I stood ready to go on, lost in admiration of my regal garb, the stage manager caught my elbow:

"See here, young fellow, you have a line to speak," he hissed in my ear.

That information brought me down to earth with a bang.

"I can't do it, I can't do it," I faltered.

"You MUST," he thundered; "when Ann Chute says 'I must be married,' you are to bow with grace and say, 'Miss Chute, take me.'"

Then we were shoved onto the stage toward the haughty Ann. I got the words out, somehow, and managed to back away without falling over my court sword, but there was a ringing in my ears and a sensation of drowning in deep waters swept across my heart.

Collection Charles Burnham

James O'Neill and Fanny Morant in "The Danicheffs"

Sarony

James O'Neill and Sarah Jewett in the Union Square Theatre Company

WELL, I never returned to my sartorial "profession." The stage manager offered me a small part in this and coming productions and I accepted with a brave alacrity and a feeling that Poetry and Art had come stepping softly into my life never more to leave me.

Alas! The coming engagements to which I looked with the sanguine eye of youth, failed to materialize to any large extent, and the season at the Drury Lane of the West closed abruptly, leaving me in the phrase of to-day, "up against it." However, companioned by Hope, I speedily embraced an offered opportunity to join a traveling repertoire company, setting forth to hold aloft the torch of art through the smaller towns

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

LAURETTE TAYLOR

No longer content to play one part or one kind of part for any length of time, Miss Taylor is now appearing as a charming American girl in J. Hartley Manners' comedy "The Wooing of Eve" at the Liberty. Laurette Taylor is versatility plus!

of Ohio. Again stern Destiny frowned on my youthful ardor. Business along our route was far from satisfactory, and when we reached the town of Lincoln, our manager, to borrow again the phrase of to-day to express the tragedy of yesterday, "lit out," leaving us without funds and far from home.

Arrived in Quincy, I found the manager unwilling to do anything for me, but St. Louis was only a sail down the river, and there I promptly secured an engagement. From that time my professional life, like the trip to St. Louis, was plain sailing. Of course there were the usual ups and downs, but I never again knew the hunger and horror of being "stranded" without funds.

In St. Louis and later in Chicago where, also, I found employment in one of the stock companies that flourished in the late '60's, I gained valuable experience in supporting visiting stars.

Memorable among them stands out my first engagement with Joseph Jefferson, who had always been an idol of my theatre-thrilled heart. In "Rip Van Winkle" I was cast for the young sailor Heinrich (a part to which I brought a rich Irish brogue, for I had not yet divested myself of the Kilkenny twist to my tongue). After the last act Mr. Jefferson sent for me to his dressing-room. Was I to be discharged? My heart sunk.

The dear old actor (for to my youthful eye he was already an old man, although still comparatively young) smiled pleasantly as he waved me to a chair.

"My boy," he said, "you got six rounds of applause to-night, and that is good. Very good, but there are eight rounds in the part and we must get them." "We," mind you! Then as if time were nothing to him, the kindest and finest of men and of actors, showed me the points at which I might succeed in winning the coveted "round" and pointed out the reasons for my failure to do so. A lesson in acting money could not have bought.

The following night, alas, nervousness and an over desire to do my best, caused me to blunder in my delivery so that instead of eight, I achieved only seven signals of approval from the audience.

"Better, my boy, better," was the star's comment with never a hint of rebuke for my failure to capture the other round. But at every subsequent performance the eight bursts of applause were mine.

So kindly was Mr. Jefferson's evident interest, that in bidding him good-bye after he had told me many encouraging things about my work, I ventured to ask him what books I should study to best equip my mind for stage successes. "Shakespeare first, for breadth and depth and height of thought and fancy," he said, "and for insight into human nature read all the standard old comedies." As I told you before, I had already become a Shakespeare fan (dear, dear me! how these modern phrases do intrude themselves into my "reminiscences") and now Mr. Jefferson's advice unlocked the treasures of the old masters of the stage. Congreve and Farquhar (Kilkenny bred, both,) and along down the line to those other Irishmen, (*Concluded on page* 388)

MORRIS GEST'S RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

By ADA PATTERSON

WORK twenty-six hours a day."

A tired looking young man, whom you see "everywhere," will make that answer if you ask him the road to success, especially his road to success.

His name is Morris Gest. He came alone to this country, a bright-eyed little immigrant of nine, and sold newspapers on the crooked streets of Boston. At thirty-five he is the manager of seventeen companies and four theatres. One of the playhouses is the Manhattan Opera House, the largest theatre in the largest city in the world.

All life is a game of cause and effect. There is a well-defined reason why the lonely little boy from Odessa has become a big factor in the making of theatrical history in America. If he stops long enough in his ceaseless routine of activity, which includes escorting a beautiful wife, the dark, Egyptian-looking daughter of David Belasco, to dances and to first nights of plays, to give the reason, it will be found in the first four words of this article. "Work twenty-six hours a day," he will say to a seeker after the secrets of success. "I have and expect to as long as I live."

Morris Gest is the apotheosis of energy. Plus determination. He is a human tea-kettle that boils so hard that it can't keep its lid on. Nevertheless a tea-kettle that wastes none of its content of energy. The energy is applied resistlessly where it will do the most good for the purpose he has in mind. The purpose this season happened to be "Chu Chin Chow," the Oriental play that has been running in London for a year and three months. Young Mr. Gest wanted to bring that play to the United States. So did nearly every other American manager of might. But Gest got it. It is a habit of his to get what he wants. He wanted Florence Reed, who has been called one of the few hopes of the American stage, to play the Desert Woman in "Chu Chin Chow." There were obstacles. Mr. Gest's tea-kettle of energy boiled over and swept away the obstacles. Miss Reed will play the Desert Woman.

Manager Gest is sending forth "The Wanderer." He is conducting the tours of three "Experience" companies, of four "Oh, Boy" companies, the play that prophets say will make a million dollars, of two companies of "Very Good, Eddie," of Alice Neilsen in "Kitty Darlin'." George Hobart has written two new plays for him, one tentatively christened "What Happens in Twenty Years," the other still unnamed. He is the impresario of "Leave It to Jane." "The People's King" looks to him for direction. I have said that he controls the largest theatre in New York. Likewise he directs the littlest, the Princess. Also the La Salle in Chicago and the Harmanus Bleecker Hall in Albany, and the Von Quiller in Schenectady.

MORRIS GEST

Although not yet forty, this young Russian impresario is director of seventeen American theatrical companies and four theatres

So of his present. His past is a succession of mounting stairs. His father was a soap manufacturer of Odessa. They thought there was not enough room for him in Odessa. There might be in America.

But the little chap from Odessa tumbled into no keg of butter when he disembarked from the boat that docked at Boston. Though an enterprising merchant of newspapers, he slept sometimes on chilly Boston roofs. He worked about one of the Boston theatres, for nothing.

He came to New York. Chance and William Hammerstein's permission made him a ticket speculator on the curbstone of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre. In that capacity he met at the door of the neighboring theatre, the Republic, David Belasco.

"I used to followed Mr. Belasco about the streets like a dog," he says.

One day William Hammerstein said to him: "Go over to Europe and bring back a couple of good acts." He went and brought back Carmencita, though the original dancing enchantress had been dead for ten years. He also brought back Abdullah and His Three Wives. He saw Gertrude Hoffman while she danced with Anna Held. He arranged to place her in a setting of the Russian dancers. He brought over the group of Russian dancers that included Lydia Lopokowa and Alexander Koslof. He helped to make the Grand Guignol experiment at the Princess Theatre.

His union with F. Ray Comstock was an auspicious one. The two were bidding against each other on a proposition. Lee Shubert advised, "Get together." They thought it an excellent suggestion.

The late "Gussie" Belasco begged her bridegroom, William Elliott, actor, to become a manager. After her untimely and lamented death was her wish fulfilled. William Elliott secured the play "Kitty McKay." Morris Gest bought an interest in it and gave the interest to his wife. Thus was "Kitty McKay" financed and William Elliott's feet were placed in the managerial path.

I have said it is Morris Gest's habit to get what he wants. On the night when "The Grand Army Man" was produced in New Haven Morris Gest went into a restaurant where David Belasco sat in a group of thirteen.

"Come over here, Gestie," invited the wizard.

Mr. Gest heard vaguely other names. He heard clearly only "My daughter, Renee," saw only her. For three years he wooed her. As many times David Belasco turned the ardent supplicant from his office. But the persistent wooer became his son-in-law.

Photos White

Eileen Huban William Morris

SCENE IN MICHAEL MORTON'S DRAMA "ON WITH THE DANCE" AT THE REPUBLIC

William Faversham Katharine Brook Cecelia Radclyffe Maud Milton

SCENE IN THE "OLD COUNTRY" LATELY AT THE 39TH STREET THEATRE

THRILLS AND ROMANCE IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS

JACQUES COPEAU AND HIS THEATRE

IN repertory, apparatus, acting and architecture the stage of Jacques Copeau at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier presents characteristic differences from that of other theatrical innovators. This Frenchman has only contempt for the dilletantism that seeks novelty for novelty's sake, but that organic unity which he seeks in all the different phases of theatric art, shows itself in innumerable fresh points of view. This was perhaps to be expected in the case of a man who began as critic and dramatist, turned actor and producer out of indignation at existing conditions and astonished Paris with a demonstration of what could be done in a single season by the fanaticism of an artist completely in earnest.

The central principle of Copeau's work is the emphasis which he places on the drama itself, in its actual text and action. With him the play is indeed the thing; the intention of the dramatist rules supreme and the work of actor, scenic artist, architect and decorator must be completely subordinated to the meaning of the poet, must release that meaning without diverting attention from it by independent merits of their own. Join to this a profound belief in eager and incessant experimentation, an ardent enthusiasm for what is fluid, fresh, spontaneous, simple and direct, as against the fixities of tradition and convention, and you have the explanation of Jacques Copeau.

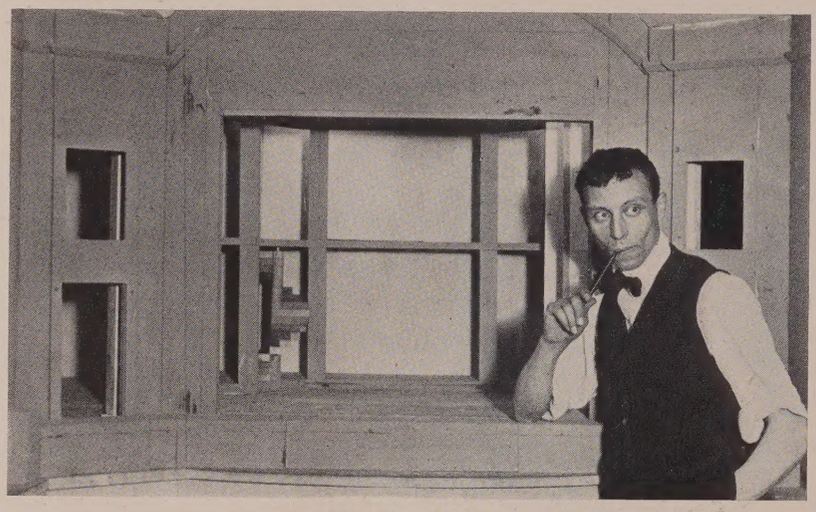
His repertoire differs from that of most innovators in that it combines classic and modern plays in equal proportion. It is the repertoire of a modern of eclectic taste who believes that the modern theatre can gain style, depth and simplicity from intimate contact with the great works enabled by their fundamental humanity to endure the wear and tear of time.

IN its architecture and mechanism the stage of the new French theatre presents radical innovations. The old Garrick has been totally remodeled in accordance with Copeau's requirements, the gallery eliminated and the seating capacity reduced to 550. On either side of the proscenium are two towers, each containing a door, with a staircase within and a window above, and at the foot of each of these towers is a little platform or subsidiary stage in the place usually occupied by boxes (these, by the way, are in the rear center of the house on a line with the last rows of the orchestra). These platforms and a fore-stage or apron, are designed to secure a stage that can furnish the greatest variety of possibilities of action.

As Copeau's method is one of incessant experimentation, instead of being bound by elaborate effects which determine the mounting of a play once for all in advance, he depends upon a mechanism which permits scenic extemporization, and his ideal is a physical apparatus which is as fluid and quickly responsive to change during rehearsal as are the intonation of the lines or the "business" of the actors. To this end he works with a system of interlocking cubes, bridges and staircases resembling the building blocks of a child. The *tréteau* of the ancient village players is also reintroduced for the Molière plays, as a sort of stage within the stage.

Upstairs in Copeau's rehearsal room there is a model of this stage, about three and a half feet high. It is Copeau's habit, when working out a new production, to sit before this model, changing about its elements and creating new structural arrangements at will, as with the construction toys of children. The back of the model is a removable partition which permits the hand to place figures and accessories upon the stage. These are according to scale.

A WHOLE complement of cardboard and wooden screens, decorated in gray; ingenious staircases, which surmount and twist and entangle themselves; little rectangles representing benches; little cubes which form platforms and supports; columns which confine the stage; all this is ready to be built up and torn down on the spur of the moment. A complete electric system permits the projection of lighting on this reduced stage, and there those special combinations of light required for each scene are worked out. Before this stage, occupied only by a few pieces of wood, Jacques Copeau meditates. Every gesture of each actor is thought out and recorded in a large ledger. In doing this work it is found that the most surprising scenic discoveries serve the text so well and illustrate it so accurately that one is astonished at not having already thought of them.



LOUIS JOUVET
Régisseur général at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, and model of M. Copeau's stage showing the system of interlocking cubes

ANOTHER of Copeau's technical divergences is the simplification and, in many cases, the elimination of scenery. Unlike most of the moderns, he does not lay stress on decoration, symbolic design and the estheticism of color. He is opposed to underlining the work of the dramatist by physical means or diverting attention from it by the independent beauty of scenic effects. With him color and rhythm are obtained, not by an immobile color scheme, but by the beauty of attitude and the movement of the human group, folding and unfolding in accordance with the dramatic situation.

The frame of the proscenium opening in the new theatre is strong and dominating, to emphasize the most important part of the theatre; the rest of the house is extremely simple, direct and unassuming. There will be no footlights, the lighting consisting entirely of reflected lights, "bunches," and lights operated from the balcony.

Copeau's conception of acting does not stop at the suppression of stars in behalf of a homogeneous company in which the player is made to remember the dependency of his part on the whole. His actors lived a community life, passing the summer near to nature, reading aloud, practising rhythmic gymnastics and profiting by mutual study; and the ideal of his School of the Vieux Colombier is to mould from their childhood actors whose work will represent the fundamental organic unity of personalities fully developed on all sides of their natures.

The modern plays to be given are as follows: Henri Becque, "La Navette;" Jules Renard, "Poil de Carotte" and "Le Pain de Ménage;" Octave Mirbeau, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires;" Alphonse Daudet, "L'Arlésienne;" Georges de Porto-Riche, "Le Passé;" Maeterlinck, Pélléas et Mélisande;" Paul Claudel, "L'Annonce Faite à Marie;" Roger Martin du Gard, "Le Testament du Père Leleu;" Auguste Villeroy, "La Traverse;" Emile Mazaud, "Une Folle Journée;" and "Les Frères Karamazov," dramatized from the novel of Dostoievski by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué.

The romantic school is represented by Alfred de Musset's "Barberine" and "Il Faut Qu'une Porte Soit Ouverte ou Fermée;" Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire," and Prosper Merimée's "La Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement."

THE following classics are to be presented: Corneille, "Le Menteur;" Marivaux, "La Surprise de l'Amour;" Beaumarchais, "Le Mariage de Figaro;" Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night;" and Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "L'Amour Médecin," "La Jalousie du Barbouille and "L'Avare."

Of the company, Louis Jouvet, Charles Dullin, Romain Bouquet, Lucien Weber, Suzanne Bing, Valentine Tessier and Jane Lory were in Copeau's original company before the war, during the season 1913-1914; Emile Chifoliau, André Chotin, Jean Sarment, Jacques Vildrac, Renée Bouquet, Lucienne Bogaert and Madeline Geoffroy are young players of talent who placed themselves under the training of Copeau in order to give their careers a serious and vital direction; while François Gournac, Marcel Vallée, Maupré, Eugenie Nau and Noizeux are actors of established reputation who have joined the Vieux Colombier out of admiration for its work.

It is significant that several of Copeau's best players are ones who failed at the Conservatoire. He believes that the traditional methods are often ill-suited to just those aspirants who have the most personality and inner fire, as in the case of eminent men of letters who made a bad showing in school.

Charlotte Fairchild

ANN MEREDITH

Who is so absorbed in uplifting souls in "Polly with a Past" that she loses her fiancé to the adventuresome Polly. Miss Meredith gives a most satisfying performance as Myrtle in the comedy at the Belasco

Charlotte Fairchild

DORALDINA

To appear shortly in a sumptuous new act, the chief feature of which will be her exotic dances. New York will again have opportunity to see the Hawaiian and East Indian dances that have made Doraldina famous

White

FRANK CARTER AND THE DUNCAN SISTERS IN "DOING OUR BIT" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

AT THE THEATRICAL FRONT

LIGHTS THAT THE WAR HAS DIMMED

Camera Studies by Van der Weyde

NIGHT GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK THEATRES

THE BIRTH OF A MUSICAL COMEDY

By PERCY WAXMAN

IT has frequently been stated more or less authoritatively that it took six days to make the Earth.

There may be cynically-minded individuals here and there who doubt this statement, but I am happy to say that I am not one of them. I know it can be done.

I know that creating a little thing like the Earth in six days can be done, for I have seen a musical comedy assembled, taken apart, vivisected, reassembled, broken parts replaced, rehearsed and produced in something under three weeks! What is a trifle like reducing chaos to cosmos to an achievement such as that? The one outstanding difference between the creation of the Earth and the musical comedy was this: there was no resting on the seventh day for anybody and that included the authors.

By the way, speaking of authors, if there ever was a truly international line-up on Broadway, it certainly was the aggregation that was responsible for our little play, "For One Night Only." Just read this roster. It looks like the list of active participants in the mix-up over the water. The original author of the book of "For One Night Only" was a German, and the score was composed by a Frenchman. The book was adapted by an Englishman and readapted by an American woman. Extra musical numbers were interpolated by an American while the lyrics were the work of an Australian. A Viennese did the scenery and a Pole produced the play. As usual, to even things, all the money was put up by a New Yorker. Would you ever believe that as many cooks as that could brew edible broth? Well, neither would I, but *mirabile dictu,* they did!

AND what a hectic time we had doing it. In July, too. On one of the most sizzling mornings it has ever been my lot to survive, we met in the cavernous depths of one of New York's daintiest theatres. The white shrouds on the orchestra chairs gave the interior a ghostly, catacomb look as if the shades of disapproving audiences haunted the place. The stage, stripped of the tinsel glory of its scenery, looked exposed and shameless. When I arrived the producer was pacing up and down the empty stage wearing a worried look in advance, as if he knew by instinct how fully entitled he would be to such a decoration in a few days. Soon the principals filed in, removed everything the law allowed them to remove in the way of apparel, greeted each other, damned the weather, and then waited for parts to be distributed.

The producer explained what the play was about, and then preparations were made to begin the preliminary rehearsal.

Over in a dusty corner of the stage, the musical conductor, Guinsberg (who swears he's a Swiss), played over the various numbers and handed out copies of the lyrics for immediate mastication. Pretty soon after Guinsberg's *da-dee-da-dee-ing* had ceased, half a dozen young men and women could be seen wandering around that stage violently memorizing, humming, and gesturing. If the proverbial visitor from Mars had suddenly flopped through the roof into that theatre, he would certainly be excused for imagining himself in a lunatic asylum. However, the patients stopped their maunderings as the dulcet foreign tones of the stage-director could be heard calling: "Meester Gumdrop, Mees Lime, Mees Ade, Meester Soda, Meester Ginseng, Meester Saltine—first act plees." The sextette then got ready for their cues while we others decorated the side-lines to lend encouragement to their efforts, criticise their clothes, sneer at the way they pronounced our golden words, or otherwise have a good time.

BOOK in hand, seated at a little table with his back to the orchestra pit, thus spake Zarathustra, which is as good a name as any for the particular director who helped to produce "For One Night Only." "Now, Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "the chorus has just gone off after walking slowly behind the palace windows singing their joyful ditty relating to the birthday of their beloved Princess. Then Count Zero enters and asks the house servant, Piedmont, what the procession is all about. As Piedmont explains, the flirty Fatima enters, with whom Zero is in love. She loves him too, but each is jealous of the other. They sing the *'Lover's Duet,'* do their dance and go off. Then enters the Princess, sadly. On come the peasants again—sing their flower-offering chorus, to which the Princess responds with her 'Babouschka' solo. Exit chorus and enter Count Bolo, the Princess's father. Then their duet about the joys of married life. Exit Count, enter Prince Nestor, husband of Princess Melancholia. After their talk on love's misunderstandings, exit *Princess, and Nestor sings 'Oh for some Ice in a Tinkling Glass.'* Enter Count, Zero, Fatima, Melancholia and chorus. Princess M. is dressed for departure, and all hands sing *'She's going away'* as finale to Act I. Now then, ready, plees. Enter Zero. No, over there, right, by that chair. That's the door leading to the antechamber".....

This sort of thing went on for hours and hours, days and days, until we all became more or less woozy. We went over every line, every piece of business, every lyric, every dance, every entrance and every exit so many times during those hectic weeks that I used to dream that I was the leading lady begging the director to let the author stay away from one rehearsal, or I would do the specialty dance on the orchestra leader's head.

Speaking of the orchestra leader, he deserves a chapter to himself. Guinsberg was a little shrivelled-up crab-apple of a man whose sole idea of crime was for anyone to sing a false note. He could stand for trifling peccadilloes like arson or infanticide, but if anyone disregarded a single musical accent, he waxed eloquent and completely lapsed into his native idiom.

ONE morning, happily secreted behind a pile of "drops," gaily tossing off some encore verses for the comedian's song, I unwittingly overheard Guinsberg rehearsing the dashing soubrette's solo on the joys of flirting, which she gives with such abandon, in the middle of Act II. Now the lady's best friend couldn't with any degree of veracity claim that her voice will ever make Geraldine Farrar bite her nails with envy. In fact her upper register finds itself groping with difficulty whenever it becomes necessary to attempt anything like an upward flight. Her ideas of tempo usually deal with such matters as second speed or high, while striking the right key is mostly a gamble with her. Still she's a nice girl and dances admirably. Well, after her first, second and third attempt to emit the sounds called for by the composer, old Guinsberg let go: "Gott in Himmel! Mees! Mees! You drife me crasey. Gott! Vot a voice! Why do you seeng everything with a slur? Why so much *portamento?* Do you know vot *staccato* means? It ain't a Sviss cheese or a Rhine vine. It's supposed to be de vay this tamned fool of a composer meant you to sing, but but oh! no! oh! no! You know better. Your ear can't even carry an air, although by Gott! it's big enough to carry a ukelele. Did you ever sing in your life before? Now dry it vunce more ant for the luf of Gott dry, dry to sing it in time!" By the time this persuasive little speech was delivered, Miss Soubrette was in what the poet calls a "fine frenzy," and I had the pleasure of hearing her giving Guinsberg information as to his ancestry, disposition, future prospects and final resting place. After this merry passage at arms I fully expected dire happenings. I felt sure that either Guinsberg would resign or that he would insist on Miss Lime being fired, and I could see ahead disrupted rehearsals, indefinite delays, breaking in new people and general Hades. To my utter astonishment none of these disquieting fears of mine was justified. That very afternoon Miss Lime and old Guinsberg were as friendly as ever, and from that day on had nothing but smiles for each other. Every now and then the leading woman would have an attack of temperament and we'd have to rehearse with her accompanied by a grouch.

ONE day it would be one thing, another day another. Sometimes she liked her lines, sometimes she didn't. Frequently the lyrics had to be altered to suit her, not because the verses weren't all right, not because they didn't rhyme correctly or things like that. Oh, no! They had to be altered so that certain favored vowel sounds would be used where the high notes occurred. Can you beat that?

Looking back on those rushing, gushing days I have come to the conclusion that there must have been some kind of fear of infectious disease hovering around the leading comedy rôle. Each day on my way to rehearsal I would wonder who'd have it by the time I got to the theatre. A comedian would come. He'd read the part, talk enthusiastically about it to us. Point out its wonderful possibilities when he'd get going, and lo! in two or three days we'd discover that he had decided not to take it and we'd have to begin our hunt all over again. Five or six different men rehearsed this comedy part until it finally "took" with the man who made such a success of it. Right up to the night of the dress rehearsal, my own inexperience in matters theatrical convinced me it would be impossible to open on the scheduled date, but by some miracle unknown to anyone but stage-directors we did. The dress rehearsal took place in an up-town theatre. It began at 8:40 p. m. on a Thursday night and finished at 2:30 the next morning. Incidentally it almost finished everybody connected with it. Everything that could possibly *be* wrong, *go* wrong, *happen* wrong, *sound* wrong and *look* wrong did so.

Photos White

Robert Strange, Frederick Roland, Jay Strong, Arthur E. Hohl, Rienzi de Cordova and Eugene Lincoln in the sea tale "In the Zone"

(Models) Frances Ross, Marjorie McClintock, Adele Vaughn
THE SHOP WINDOW SCENE IN "THE AVENUE"

(Below)
Arthur E. Hohl, Elizabeth Patterson, Florence Enright, Helen Westley
"HIS WIDOW'S HUSBAND"—A COMEDY FROM THE SPANISH

VARIETY IN THE OPENING BILL OF THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

VERA GORDON

LITTLE wonder that Miss Gordon imparts such local color to "The Land of the Free." Eight years ago Miss Gordon came from Russia. She played in theatres within the Pale of Settlement from her fourteenth year until eight years ago. She has since played in the Jewish and Russian theatres of the East Side

(Below)

ALFRED LUNT

AN American by way of Wisconsin, Mr. Lunt, who lately made a hit as the poet poseur in "Romance and Arabella," grew up in the forests. While a child he went to Finland with his mother and stepfather. There he remained long enough to acquire the Finnish, Swedish and Russian tongues. He was of John Craig's stock company in Boston. Subsequently he was a member of Margaret Anglin's organization. He was her leading man in "Beverly's Balance" and played rôles in her productions of "Antigone," "Medea" and "Electra" at the Berkeley Theatre in California.

GEORGE RASELY

GEORGE RASELY is of New England, the son of a retired clergyman. While he was a student of the New England Conservatory of Music he was invited to join the Rockefeller Church choir. Mr. Gest, on hearing him sing an anthem, placed him under a three-year contract.

ALISON SKIPWORTH

(Left)

ALISON SKIPWORTH

THE sophisticated cook in "Eve's Daughter" is an Englishwoman. She says that she was driven upon the stage by poverty but staid from love of it. Her début occurred in London with "The Gaiety Girl." In this country beside her service with the stock companies at the Lyceum and Daly's, she has been seen as Mrs. Neville in "The Way of the World," as Mme. Levier in "Captain Dieppe," as the Queen in "Cymbaline" and Olivia in "Twelfth Night."

(Right)

AMY RICARD

A MATRIMONIAL rôle in real and stage life has fallen to the portion of Amy Ricard. She is Mrs. Lester Lonergan and supports her husband who is featured in Bataille's domestic drama, "The Torches," Broadway remembers Miss Ricard as a refreshing comedienne in "Girls," "The College Widow" and as Contrary Mary in "Babes in Toyland."

AMY RICARD

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

LYCEUM. "Tiger Rose." Play in three acts by Willard Mack. Produced October 3rd. Cast:

Hector MacCollins	Thomas Findlay
Dan Cusick, M.D.	William Courtleigh
Constable Devlin	Willard Mack
Bruce Norton	Calvin Thomas
Father Thibault	Fuller Mellish
Pierre La Bey	Pedro de Cordoba
George Lantry	Edwin Holt
Old Tom	Edward Mack
Constable Haney	Arthur J. Wood
Mak-A-Low	Chief Whitehawk
Wa-Wa	Jean Ferrell
Rose Bucion	Lenore Ulric

IT would be easy to lay emphasis upon the "storm and stress" of the reverberating thunder, the revelatory flashes of lightning, the downpour of rain, the agitation of the wind-driven curtains and the flickering lamp, as the chief merit in Mr. Belasco's production of "Tiger Rose."

The play lacks depth of reasonable emotion, but it is perfection in detail and characterization. It should not be regarded as so very wonderful that one manager knows his business and his art—and so many others do not. It is very simple. Mr. Belasco knows by reason of his reason and of his art. He gets his essentials and his equations right.

Here he establishes first the atmosphere of the Great Northwest. The storm does not do it. It is obtained through the characters and their relations. A middle-aged factor has adopted a girl, a waif of fiery ancestry, who is in rebellion against conventionality and priests. She is in love with a man she has met in her wanderings, with her rifle, in the woods, and when he commits a murder, she harbors him in the cellar.

Then comes the storm and the clock from which he escapes, the deserted cabin, his recapture, and the prospect of his acquittal because he was justified in shooting.

Come the Priest, a Doctor who advises her to no immediate purposes, a Constable, Mounted Police, a Siwash and his Squaw (fine for atmosphere). Everybody loves the Tiger Rose, and some of the very best scenes come from this meandering of the love current through the play.

The feature of the play is not the storm but the stormy Tiger Rose, as played by Lenore Ulric. Sinuous, impetuous, crafty yet open, adroitly meeting the advances of unwelcome lovers, unregenerate to the end, she is a study in psychology.

Willard Mack, the author, as the pursuing Mounted Policeman, Pedro Cordoba as the Canadian lover, William Courtleigh as the Doctor, Fuller Mellish as the Priest, Thomas Findlay as the Foster Father, were of the time and place, and made the play vital.

HUDSON. "The Rescuing Angel." Play in three acts by Clare Kummer. Produced Oct. 8. Cast:

John Deming	Claude Gillingwater
Mary Deming	Marie Wainright
Calhoun Deming	Walter Schellin
Angela	Billie Burke
Rose Hanley	Dana Desboro
William Hanley	Richard Barbee
Meyer Kolinsky	Robert McWade
Joseph Whitely	Frederick Perry
Eliot Slade	Roland Young
Evans	Elmer Brown
Winnie	Rhoda Beresford

IF at first you cannot fail, try, try again. This advice I offer gratis to playwrights. It is suggested at this time by Clare Kummer's "The Rescuing Angel," in which Billie Burke recently returned to the stage.

Last season Clare Kummer somewhat rehabilitated herself after having committed the song, *"Dearie,"* by giving us two plays in which the construction was terrible, but the dialogue often of rare charm. "The Rescuing Angel" is even more feeble as to plot, and its conversation sparkles only intermittently. It is no continuous display of Japanese fireworks; the effect is that of fireflies on a summer evening, sparkling only now and then.

This third play seems to be an attempt to do "A Successful Calamity" over again. With Mr. Gillingwater being as much like Mr. Gillette as possible, and Messrs. Barbee and Young on hand in person, it was more like a revival than a new production. As for the scenery by R. E. Jones, it looked as if it had been taken bodily from "Good Gracious Annabelle."

Billie Burke, quite as picturesque and satisfying as ever, is, of course, the angel. She rescues her preposterously simple parents from imminent poverty by marrying the millionaire whose agent has nearly ruined them. Her boyhood lover, a wholely unendurable young prig, tells the new husband he has been married for money, Mr. Husband gets angry and knocks over a vase of roses, Billie hurries home in either a high or a low dudgeon, resolves to wed a second millionaire who has less speed and more control, and then decides to stick to the man she's tied to. That's all. As Miss Barrymore would say, "There isn't any more."

Act I, purely expository, drags. Most of the time it is all too evident that the author is trying to be funny, but can't. That is always painful. Occasionally she rings the bell, but by no means so often as in her earlier attempts. Act II has one good situation—when the four hours' bride engages herself to a second suitor. Act III is hopelessly childish and amateur—a draggy piece of bad writing, sophomoric construction, and more failures in the field of humor. In fact, it is an unsuccessful calamity.

The acting of the principals was uniformly excellent. In addition to Miss Burke, Messrs. Young, Gillingwater, and McWade deserve special mention.

CASINO. "Furs and Frills." Musical farce in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edward Clark. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced on October 9, with this cast:

Jones	Charles Angelo
Clyde Macey	George Anderson
William MacTavish	Ernest Torrence
Polly	Ruby Norton
"Wally"	Warde de Wolfe
Mrs. Macey	Beatrice Allen
Mrs. MacTavish	Frances Demarest
Butler	Ben Wells
Mr. Manheimer	Harry Miller
Deputy Sheriff	Ernest Carr

FOR the sake of record it may be here stated that "Furs and Frills," which went to cold storage after a brief career at the Casino, had all the defects of its kind. The story concerned the adventures and misadventures of a fur coat which entangled husbands and wives and lovers in farcical misunderstandings.

Beatrice Allen, lithe and exceptionally graceful and spirited, was a dancing feature of the farce.

FULTON. "THE CLAIM." Play in four acts by Charles Kenyon and Frank Dare. Produced on October 12, with this cast:

Pansy Bryan	Florine Arnold
Bob Cleeter	George Thompson
Archie Stringer	Al Stuart
Mike Bryan	Charles Halton
John McDonald	Edward H. Robins
Goldie	Lorna Volare
Kate McDonald	Geraldine O'Brien
Peg-Leg	J. J. Williams
Jerry	Horace James
Mr. Beasley	Walter Baldwin, Jr.
Buck Ryder	Melton Clodagh
Bell Jones	Florence Roberts
Saunders' Girl	Reina Thomas

THE Claim," another play which did not long survive the opening night, had a good idea which went wrong. Two women, with something like an equal appeal to our sympathies, have a struggle for the possession of a child, born to the one woman and abandoned by her, and adopted by the other. Why say this is old? It is human. It is dramatic. Why then did it fall flat in this play? Perhaps it was in trying to subordinate the one woman to the other, in making more of the woman who is really the least sympathetic.

PLAYHOUSE. "EVE'S DAUGHTER." Play in three acts by Alicia Ramsey. Produced on October 13, with the following cast:

Martin Simpson-Bates	Howard Kyle
Mrs. Simpson-Bates	Florence Edney
Edith Simpson-Bates	Norah Lamison
Kate Simpson-Bates	Florence Wollerson
Irene Simpson-Bates	Grace George
Victoria Canning	Florence Flynn
Florence	Esther Howard
Mary	Mabel Knowles
Martha	Alison Skipworth
John Norton	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Courtenay Urquhart	Lionel Atwill
Sunningdale	Lynn Hammond
Henri	Louis John Bartels

GRACE GEORGE opened her repertoire season at the Playhouse with a revamping of the Iris-Easiest-Way motif, which the author, Alicia Ramsey, has adorned with a perfectly beatitudinous and time-tried conclusion. It is like this:

Heroine, deserted, broke, meditates suicide. Enter hero. Hero: "I have come to take you home." Heroine: "But I haven't any home." Hero: "So long as I have a home. you have one!" Curtain.

It appears that Mr. Simpson-Bates, in his earlier days was a gay dog. However, he got converted, and religion turned him into a ranting, grasping, thoroughly hatable old tyrant. It must have been an off day for religion. Anyhow, Grace George got so tired of having the old man around the place that she said unkind words to his portrait, which promptly fell off the wall.

With the niggardly £3,000 father left her and a stout resolve to "live! live!! live!!!" our heroine went to London and plunged into the fever called living, which apparently consists of cigarettes, finery and dancing wriggly dances at the Ritz. I don't see how she did it, but she managed to make that much money last a whole year.

At this critical point loomed up the passionate but non-marrying lover in the very personable person of Lionel Atwill. He and the forlorn damsel left for Paris, but those treacherous Dover boats weren't running. The couple put up at a hotel, where various acquaintances, in spite of the terrific storm, dropped in on them, some by accident, others by design.

Then came the fatal moment. Lionel removed the lace curtain which constituted Miss George's most external garment. They turned to the—er—alcove, and there above the —er—abode of Morpheus loomed a red worsted wall motto. That settled it. Instantly Miss George became as irretrievably converted as Mr. Kyle had been all through Act I.

An antiquated bit of theatical carpentering, redeemed only by some amusing lines and most of the acting.

Miss George was, as usual, excellent in the lighter moments of her rôle. But must she continue indefinitely to play these very youthful parts?

Most of the other honors went to Alison Skipworth as a cockney cook. She also furnished a complete criticism of the play when at the end of the second act she confided to the audience: "It's just like the movies!"

COMEDY. "THE BARTON MYSTERY." Comedy-drama in three acts and an epilogue by Walter Hackett. Produced on October 13th, with this cast:

Buckley	Marion Morgan
Ethel Standish	Mary Malleson
Dennis O'Mara	Thomas O'Malley
Phyliss Grey	Beatrice Prentice
Richard Standish, K.C.	Henry Stanford
Sir Everhard Marshall	Geo. W. Anson
Helen Barton	Jane Wheatley
Lady Marshall	Charlotte Granville
Beverely	A. E. Anson
Harry Maitland	Roland Hogue

AN old-fashioned compound of melodrama and comedy. A man accused of murder faces the gallows rather than exculpate himself at the expense of a woman's good name. (Ever heard of anything like that before?) To the rescue comes the stock type of half-genuine, half-fake stage medium, who, in a clairvoyant trance, acts out the murder so realistically that the real slayer of Mr. Barton confesses.

Of course, she is not the one you have been led to think probably did the deed. One can always be sure in advance who the real murderer is in such plays: he or she is always the least suspected person in the cast.

A. E. Anson made much of his mediumistic rôle, which rather suggests the old-fashioned stage Thespian who always needed a bath and a square meal. G. W. Anson supplied character comedy in his usual excellent manner, and the rest of the cast was as good as the play.

CENTURY. "MISS 1917." Revue in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced on November 5th, with the following players:

Lew Fields, Andrew Tombes, Arthur Cunningham, Vivienne Segal, Cecil Lean, Harry Kelly, Elizabeth Brice, Charles King, George White, Marion Davies, Vera Maxwell, Emma Haig, Harry Kelley, Ann Pennington, Tortola Valencia, Bessie McCoy Davis, Savoy and Brennan, Adolf Bolm, Flore Revalles, Marshall Hall, Alexander Umanski, Irene Castle.

THAT there is some truth in the old saw: "Too many cooks spoil the broth," one is ready to believe after witnessing the Century's newest show.

No fewer than nine theatrical notabilities had a hand in its making, to wit: Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, purveyors of melody, Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, librettists of the hour, Ned Wayburn, the chorus king, Joseph Urban, scenic artist extraordinary, Lady Duff Gordon, sartorial expert, Flo Ziegfeld, the indefatigable, and Charlie Dillingham, the resourceful.

Such a distinguished collaboration might have been expected to produce a masterpiece. The bald truth is that the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse.

The chief fault I have to find with "Miss 1917" as an entertainment is that it does not entertain. It neither fills the eye nor tickles the ear. One does not look for much in a spectacular burlesque, but it is only reasonable to expect it (at the price) to be good of its kind.

Three dollars per entitles one to a laugh. One seldom gets it. The burlesque of "Turn to the Right" is poor stuff—without snap or scintillating line. By herculean efforts, Lew Fields managed with much labored comedy over a lump of sugar and one of his now stereotyped rough and tumble fights, to extract a few guffaws from a good natured audience only too ready to laugh at anything no matter how silly, but this clever comedian was not in his usual form.

The policy of the management seems to be to get a few expensive people and sandwich them in between a lot of mediocrities. If instead they would take a few really good performers, instead of engaging every two-a-day "artist" who happens to be at liberty, and presenting a programme a mile long, it would give the worth while people more opportunity. No one questions Mr. Fields' ability to amuse or Mrs. Castle's charm as a dancer, but if no opportunity is given them, what can they do?

Adolf Bolm presents a dance, the meaning and beauty of which entirely escaped me. Bessie McCoy, who has returned to the stage after a long absence, awakens only feeble echoes of her former success as the Yama Yama girl. In her *"Old Man of the Moon"* song she wore a pretty costume, but the moon seemed stricken with lunar locomotor ataxia and the singing——? Why do these dancers insist on singing?

These are the "big time." The "little time" includes acts of dreadful memory, among the worst being two Irish songsters, one with a falsetto voice, a sorry exhibition that I have a vague memory of having heard before last year in "The Century Girl."

Exception must be made of Tortolo Valencia, a new Carmencita, whose Spanish *Maja Dance*, with its grace, charm, and sensuous beauty, is the one bright spot in the performance. New York will want to see more of Tortola Valencia.

The finale to Act I, where a regiment of toy soldiers descend a steep staircase to a clog march is claimed to be an effect devised by the fertile Mr. Wayburn. I saw practically the same thing three years ago at the Winter Garden.

There are plenty of pretty girls, tall, stately girls, plump, saucy girls, in various stages of undress and resplendent in dazzling costumes. For those who go to this sort of show to feast their eyes on undraped feminine charms, this parade of pulchritudinous femininity goes a long way to make up for other shortcomings.

The present show does not come up to the high standard which Messrs. Ziegfeld and Dillingham set for its predecessors. While it might well pass muster in Swedunk, Mich., its occupancy of Mr. Morgan's ten-million-dollar theatre, Central Park West, is incongruous, to say the least.

CRITERION. "ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND." Comedy in three acts by Monckton Hoffe. Produced on October 22nd, with this cast:

Butler to Mr. Clatterby	Alf Helton
Herbert Chatterby, K.C.	George Riddell
Sybil Clatterby	Marguerite St. John
Dorothy Hopply	Hilda Dorrington
The Rev. Julian Hopply	John L. Shine
Mortimer John	Joseph Kilgour
Anthony Silvertree	Henry Miller
P. Marini	Gordon Morris
Maid to the Clatterbys,	Marie de Lachau
The Sheriff	E. L. Duane
Klippy, the Crook	Will H. Gregory
Black Desperado	Harry E. McKee
Joe, the Barkeep	Clay Clement
Sure Shot Sam	Claude Daniels
All Aloney	Florence Shirley

ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND" found New York too prosaic-minded to appreciate its fantastic and romantic satire, and tarried but a week at the Criterion. Its satire, perhaps, went too far in that it mocked the very play itself. The wild Western plays of the screen it made amusingly absurd.

Henry Miller acted Anthony with agreeable drollery.

BIJOU. "THE TORCHES." Drama in three acts by Henry Bataille. English version by Charlton Andrews. Produced on October 24th, with the following cast:

Prof. Bouguet	Lester Lonergan
Madame Bouguet	Amy Ricard
Dr. Paul Blondel	John Sainpolis
M. Hernert	John S. O'Brien
Dr. Pravielle	Harry Hadfield
Dr. Melinoff	Jules Epailly
Dr. Joubert	Hudson Liston
M. Hervex	Harry Huguenot
M. Horschfield	Paul Doucet
M. Pelissier	Richard Carlyle
The Directress	Eugenie Dubois
Edwige Voroditch	Sara Biala
Marcelle Bouguet	Gwladys Wynne

THE torches are the stars that are lit aloft to guide and inspire us in our spiritual aspirations, apart from the lures of physical life. It is possible that M. Bataille's play bears out this philosophy in its ending, which is lamely and, indeed, inconclusively brought about, but in the development of the story, it is dramatic situation that holds the attention. It is very strong, but of the kind inevitable to the triangle play.

A scientist engaged in the discovery of some great boon to humanity has had a momentary affair with a girl, one of his efficient helpers. She is infatuated with him. He now wishes to forego all trivial relationships in order to devote himself to the service of mankind. Suspicion is directed aganst the girl. He quiets this talk by denying everything to his wife and to Dr. Blondel, an assistant, and by urging Blondel to marry the girl. Blondel knows of another transgression of this girl, but he is liberal-minded, loves and marries her. Later he has reason to suspect, and intercept the scientist, Dr. Bouguet, as he comes from her room to which he has innocently gone in the matter of the manuscript of his great work which is preparing for publication.

A "big" scene follows. Blondel, throttling his wife, throws her bodily back into the house through the open door. There is a duel. Bouguet is mortally wounded. Bouguet thinks now only of the completion of his work, and dies happy in the assurance made by his wife and his assistants gathered about him that they will carry his experiments through to success. Dr. Blondel, who had a little while before given the death wound, arrives in time to add his assurances. There would be no play except for the obstinate infatuation of a foolish girl. If there is any philosophy in the play, it is to be found there. Mr. Lonergan as Dr. Bouguet, Amy Ricard as his wife, John Sainpolis as Blondel, and Sara Biala as the girl, gave value to the play with their impressively good acting. Credit is due Mr. Charlton Andrews for an excellent translation.

REPUBLIC. "ON WITH THE DANCE." Drama in four acts by Michael Morton. Produced on October 29th, with this cast:

Edward Lawrence	William Morris
Nina Lawrence	Eileen Huban
Agnes	Merceita Esmonde
Hugh Fraser	Edward Abeles
Loutie Fraser	Marta Mansfield
Billy Sutherland	John Mason
Gustave	Eugene Redding
Fay Esmond	Julia Dean
Gil Bevans	James Spottswood
Mrs. Sutherland	Corinne Barker
Clarence James	Robert Schable
Maitre D'Hotel	Claude Cooper
Detective-Sergeant	Donegan, Edwin Walter

HAVING shot a terrible bolt at the dance craze, which, older readers of THE THEATRE will re-

member, once raged throughout this country, Michael Morton, who wrote "On with the Dance," should now turn his attention to the evils of the high-wheeled bike, Swiss music boxes, Rogers' groups of statuary, free silver, and other up-to-date scourges of humanity.

Eileen Huban, it appears, was dippy over the dance. Her solemn husband, William Morris, who was intensely preoccupied with the race suicide problem, followed her to a supper club and forbade her to dance with John Mason. "Yes, she will," said John. "No, she wont," said William. "Yes, she will." "No, she won't." "Yes, she will." "No, she wont." Bing!

Out rang the pistol shot. But as the jazz band was playing, of course nobody paid any attention. And since in the act before the playwright had carefully told us about the pistol, which was Mr. Mason's personal property, we did not faint with surprise when Miss Huban told the dear old detective-sergeant that John had killed himself because she wouldn't dance with him in the Gold Cup Contest.

If the sergeant had only seen John dance, he would have justified Miss Huban without further ado. What I mean is that Vernon Castle need not fear to come back after the war and find that John Mason has replaced him. But I do love to see Mr. Mason get shot: he does it so gracefully.

Miss Huban was very charming and uneven as the dance-mad lady. Mr. Mason was Mr. Mason as the champion tango-lizard. Mr. Morris did nobly with an atrocious rôle. Miss Julia Dean exemplified the demi-mondaine as melodrama knows her with a most devil-may-care slouch.

CRITERION. "The Love Drive." Comedy in four acts, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced on October 30th, with this cast:

Ernestien Waite	Violet Heming
Mrs. Jepson	Hilda Spong
Mrs. Gramercy Harden	Zeffie Tilbury
Laura Bridgman	Beth Franklyn
Celia Bridgman	Eileen Wilson
Cosette	Lea Penman
Bruce Markham	Fred Niblo
Tom Bridgman	Arthur Laceby
Oliver Croyston	Albert Gran
Lykens	Douglas Patterson
Footman	Cy Weaver

ON the side of production, "The Love Drive" has the advantage of all that the experienced and liberal management of Klaw & Erlanger can provide. The actors are all noteworthy. Violet Heming, quite the attractive girl that an ardent lover would chase through three acts, bettered her opportunity by displaying some marvelous gowns. The heroine had been told by the young man, who was making his love drive, that he would visit her in her room at night with no other improper purpose than to compromise her. She provides another caller, and very soon a third comes in. The love drive fails in this instance, but eventually the persistent lover wins the priceless girl.

Fred Niblo, as the persistent wooer, does not lack self-assurance in the part, but he does lack that refined impertinence of the true lover. Hilda Spong, Zeffie Tilbury, Beth Franklyn, and Eileen Wilson carried the feminine interest handsomely. Albert Gran was immensely pleasing to those who like his kind of inebriated comedy acting.

39TH STREET. "The Old Country." Play in three acts, Dion Calthrop. Produced on October 30th, with this cast:

James Lane Fountain	Mr. Faversham
Mary Lorimer	Jane Houston
Millicent Alborough	Cecelia Radclyffe
Annette Alborough	Katharine Brook
Rev. Stephen Laycock	Edwin Cushman
Rev. Alfred Knolle	Edmund Gurney
Robert Hudson	Charles Wyngate
Frederick Blackmore	Robert Pigott
Mrs. Fountain	Maud Milton
Henry Parramer	Russ Whytal
Gertie Diamond	Margaret Moser
Willie Tucket	Buster Hemley
Johnny Moreton	Kingdon Brown
Mr. Moon	P. J. MacCord
Mr. Jenkins	Herbert Belmore
Bowers	Charles Hanna

THIRTY years ago a maid employed in the household of an English country squire, was driven from the village with her illegitimate son. She came to America, and—naturally—when her boy became a man, he became also a millionaire. Then a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would lug his dear old mother back to England, buy up the town, and have her "queen it over the lot of 'em."

To carry out this cheerful plan, he posed as another son of the village, who had escaped millionairitis, became the town benefactor, and kept his scheme from his mother until the melodramatic moment when, in the old hall, she should once more face her persecutors of the long ago.

Of such is Dion Calthorp's play, first aid having been administered by Dr. George Broadhurst, evidently called in under the impression that he was a veterinarian. And such is the incredible rôle Mr. Faversham has elected to play, A. D. 1917—but, fortunately, only for a few performances!

FULTON. "Broken Threads." Play in prologue and three acts, by Ernest Wilkes. Produced on October 30th, with this cast:

Murphy	John J. Ward
Bill	Daniel E. Hanlon
George	Burr Caruth
John Brenton	William H. Pringle
Harry Wynn	Cyril Keightley
Dorothy Darrell	Phoebe Hunt
Dick Brenton	William Roselle
Durant	Alfred Hesse
General Creighton	Robert Cummings
William Budlong	Paul Stanton
Freddie Creighton	Harry Redding
Jule Creighton	Florence Carpenter
Robert Beekman	Carl Brickert
Mike Daly	Guy Hitner
Bell Boy	Marshall Mercury

IN "Broken Threads," which recently came out of the West to try its fortunes on Broadway, Cyril Keightley has all sorts of luck. For instance, it was most unlucky for him that he should get mixed up in a cabaret brawl over another man's mistress and have to shoot the other man. And it was still unluckier that the dead man's brother should be of sufficient political power to railroad Mr. Keightley to prison and ship the drugged woman, whose testimony might have saved him, off to Australia.

After that Mr. Keightley's luck changed. First, he escaped from prison. Second, he discovered a rich mining property. Third, he sold it for $1,000,000. Fourth, the man who bought it had virtually "made" the Governor of the State. Fifth, when Mr. Keightley was about to be recaptured by the minions of the law, the girl from Australia reappeared, still loving him, the man behind the Governor got him a pardon, and there was the inevitable center stage clutch with osculatory trimmings.

Of course, Mr. Keightley was amiable and effective as the luck-stricken hero. Others in the cast also did well, notably William Roselle, as a moral weakling who deserved his shooting; and Harry Redding as an amusing gilded youth.

COMEDY. "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill. "The Avenue," by Fenimore Merrill. "Blind Alleys," by Grace Latimer Wright. "Her Widow's Husband," by Jacinto Benavente, translated by J. Garret Underhill. Produced on October 31st, with the following players:

Robert Strange, William Gillette, Edward Balzerit, Frederick Roland, Eugene Lincoln, Jay Strong, Rienzi de Cordova, Arthur Hohl, Adele Vaughn, Marjorie McClintock, Frances Ross, James Terbell, Helen Westley, Madelene Snyder, Marjorie Vonnegut, Elizabeth Patterson, Florence Enright, Harry Ehlers, Katharine Cornell, Abram Gillette.

(*Continued on page* 392)

Photos White

George K. Denny, Harry Ashford, Harry Connor, Alfred Lunt, William Williams and Laura Hope Crews

ARABELLA AND HER SUITORS IN "ROMANCE AND ARABELLA" AT THE HARRIS

Marie Wainwright, Dana Desboro, Billie Burke, Claude Gillingwater, Walter Schellin, and Robert McWade

BILLIE BURKE IN "THE RESCUING ANGEL" AT THE HUDSON

SMART COMEDIES RECENTLY SEEN HERE

THE THEATRICAL CHRISTMAS

By ROBERT HILLIARD

CHRISTMAS, no matter where it is celebrated, or under what conditions, is a day of pleasurable excitement. The whole world starts to grow rosy a few days before, and the anticipation of a merry day keeps our spirits at high pitch.

These were just the sensations that filled me when I looked forward to my first Christmas as a member of the theatrical profession. Imagine my horror, and disappointment when mentioning something about Christmas to one of the members of the company, he growled:

"Christmas,—just one more matinée!"

I don't think that a bucket of ice-water could have dampened my spirits more effectively,—and for two days I was downhearted to think that my lot in life lay with a people who thought of Christmas as just so much extra work.

Fortunately, I was so possessed with the Christmas spirit, that I spoke to one of the ladies of the company.

"Yes,—isn't Christmas exciting?" she laughed gayly. "Every town we play in I do a little more shopping, and my hotel trunk is so filled with packages ready to be mailed that I'm getting dangerously near the point where I'll have to carry my clothes over my arm."

What a relief it was to hear her talk! And incidentally what a wonderful Christmas we did have!

THEATRICAL Christmases are just about the same as any other Christmases, only sometimes the element of excitement enters deeper into the preparations, and very often chance celebrations that are hastily planned are more fun than even the best dinner at home with the family.

Personally I have been very lucky, for my Christmases away from New York City have been few in comparison with those I spent with my family. But New York Christmases can have their excitement,—and sometimes turn out to be the best ever.

One New York Christmas that comes to me as I write was the day following the first production of "The Argyle Case." The play opened December 24th,—and I guess that a lot of people had trimmed their trees before dinner,—for

"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a seat was there vacant
No room for a mouse."

We went out from the theatre into the first real snow of the winter feeling sure that the audience had enjoyed themselves, and when I read the criticism the following morning I felt that there was not much more that Santa could have left me. Incidentally "The Argyle Case" played in the Criterion Theatre for over seven months, and did about a quarter-of-a-million dollars' worth of business.

You don't blame me for remembering that Christmas-present,—do you?

Another Christmas that will always remain very vivid in my mind was very different to the luxurious, surrounding of the "Argyle" Christmas. It was many years ago,—back in the days when "Mr. Barnes of New York," was one of the greatest plays ever written,—and I was playing "Mr. Barnes" through small Western towns. We landed in a "one-night" town of about ten thousand people one Christmas morning, and as I looked out of the window I suddenly realized how particularly happy I was. The company had been busy making Christmas preparations for days, and I had done my share, but suddenly I felt that I wanted to do something more to make Christmas a merry day.

As I was debating, a boy of ten or twelve passed under the car windows lugging a sack which he was trying to fill with the odd bits of coal that lay discarded about the station yards. At once an idea flashed over me. Why not make this a real Christmas for some poor family?

I DRESSED hurriedly, and after a mighty hasty breakfast, sought out the Chief of Police. I asked for the poor section of the town, and if he could name a really needy family. I did not have a great deal of money in those days, but I splurged on the hamper of food, on the toys, and on the basket of coal that I ordered to that family. While I played my matinée I kept telling myself that they were having a really good time,—and even the fact that I had spent considerable money I could not really afford, did not keep me from being happy for days and days.

When on present-day Christmases, I write my little check and send it to some society that provides a Christmas feast for the poor I try to say that I am as glad as I was back in the "Mr. Barnes" days,—but it isn't the same at all.

These two little stories are just incidents that stand out prominently. Every member of the theatrical profession has his or her memories, for despite the few pessimists who think of the day as one more matinée, the people in the theatrical world are fun-loving, and the company having a prosperous season, spreads itself during the holidays.

As a general rule all companies on the road have a Christmas feast on the stage between the matinée and night performances. There is sure to be a well-trimmed tree and exchanging of presents. Sometimes, when a well-known star is heading his or her own company, there is a party at the local hotel, but it makes no difference what the class of play or players,—there is sure to be a celebration..

Plans for this begin days in advance. The first thought is,—"where do we play Christmas Day?" Once this is known, family and friends are notified, and the player looks forward to receiving a great batch of mail. Sometimes there is a sudden shift of dates ahead and great is the grumbling, and many letters dispatched to the postmaster of the first town asking that he be sure to forward all mail.

FREQUENTLY among the smaller companies there is a Christmas lay-off, people being so busy buying gifts that business is apt to be bad. This, of course, gives time for writing letters and buying gifts. However, even if the company is playing one-night stands, and making long jumps, there is always a few minutes a day to give to the shops.

Then, after the last present has been bought, wrapped up, sent, and lots of packages received, everyone settles back in anticipation.

Christmas with its spirit of good-will is a wonderful day. I have known of petty feuds between members of a company to vanish, and sometimes stay vanished,—though one very remarkable instance was when two ladies forgot their difference for the day, exchanged gifts, and yet when they met the following evening in time to prepare for the performance they passed without a look of recognition.

Sometimes Christmas brings its great surprises with it. I remember making very elaborate preparations for a company celebration to be held in Baltimore. We were playing "A Fool There Was," and had just finished a very successful engagement in St. Louis. The jump was an unusually long one, but we were all glad of the rest. We went to bed that night looking forward to a big day and woke up early the next morning to find ourselves buried in a snow-bank.

My first thought on awakening was "Where are we?" I knew that we should be somewhere between Washington and Baltimore. I rang for the porter and learned the sad news. We had run afoul of a blizzard, and we were stalled in the West Virginia hills.

"Stalled for how long?"

"We ought to be out in a few hours,—they've sent a snow-plough to open up the tracks."

A few hours, and the matinée in Baltimore was announced for two-fifteen!

STILL there was no use quarreling with myself, nor anyone else. I dressed and had breakfast. Then came the thought of how we could spend the day. I sent for the chef, the Pullman conductor, and the conductor of the train. My company was a large one, and our season prosperous. Therefore every effort must be made to overcome the dismal effect that would be caused by the blockade. I found that there was a certainty of our being "dug out" in a couple of hours, and that we were not so far away from a fair-sized city.

Preparations started at once. One of the trainmen walked a half mile through the snow and telegraphed the city to have a quantity of food necessary for a Christmas dinner waiting to be put aboard the diner when we arrived. One by one the company awoke and realized our predicament. Naturally they were disappointed at first, but after a few seconds began to see the misfortune in the light of an adventure.

Immediately after breakfast the ladies took command of the dining car, and to their delight found that the express car ahead boasted a Christmas tree which would never arrive at its Washington destination in time for Christmas that year. Theatre trunks are always to be relied on in emergencies, and we found all manner of odd bits of stage trimmings which were quickly made into tree decorations.

We had Christmas dinner in the middle of the afternoon, two or three hours before we limped into Washington. It was one of the maddest merriest parties ever imagined, and although the management were naturally rather concerned over the fact that they had to turn back about $3,500 worth of theatre tickets, the company quite overlooked the fact that Dame Nature had sent their preparations astray.

About the first part of December there always creeps into my mind a most excited state of anticipation. I know it means Christmas,—and I believe that several thousands of my fellow-players feel the same way. In spite of the very few who grunt about "one more matinée" the theatrical Christmas celebration is about the happiest, jolliest party ever imagined by anyone

Mr. John Barrymore as St. Francis of Assisi

A photographic study of the well-known actor by Charlotte Fairchild

LITTLE KNOWN SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYERS

By EDWARD FALES COWARD

AN argument universally advanced against the popular acceptance of Shakespeare has been that his stellar exponents have either from jealousy or a sense of economy never seen fit to surround themselves with players capable of doing adequate justice to the subsidiary characters.

This is only partially true. Booth sunk a fortune giving proper expression to the minor rôles and later won it partially back by a cheaper support, when he found people came to see him and him alone. Modjeska at times had companies of superlative all-around excellence. At times they were pitiable in their mediocrity. Stars of yesteryear like Barrett and McCullough were always artistically supported. Sothern and Anglin have shown reverent intelligence in the selection of their supporting players.

But for all-around excellence, the excellence that goes to produce perfect satisfaction in the exploitation of the most minor rôle no one surpassed Sir Henry Irving in the make-up of the companies that he brought with him on his first visits to the United States. They were as close to perfection in their capacity for effective detail as love, intelligence, thoughtful selection and insistent rehearsal could make them.

Time and the theatrical historians have done full and adequate justice to the superlative interpretations of the Master. Volumes have been written about the great exponents of Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Portia, Viola and Rosalind. The parts are fixtures in dramatic literature, their counterfeit presentments are equally fixed in their respective niches of histrionic fame.

WHEN the sporting writers annually pick an All-Star American football or baseball team, there is the usual expression of varied dissent. Who could satisfy the every individual with an opinion? In baseball it is possible to measure with some degree of certainty a player's capacity by the laws of average, covering fielding, base-running and hits, but how can an art be strictly measured and a fixed conclusion reached that will determine to the satisfaction of all the paramount Hamlet, the superlative Juliet, the peerless Macbeth?

Let each for himself write down his individual choice for premier honors in the stellar roles, but some interested investigator should write into the record an account of those who figured mightily and brilliantly in the lesser portraits of the great Shakespearean gallery, memories of which are likely to be dimmed or utterly effaced by the tremendous aura thrown off by the exploiters of the dominant rôles.

Of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays the records show that the three parts of 'Henry VI," "Pericles" and possibly "All's Well that Ends Well," have never been acted in this country. But with the exception of the "Henry VI" trilogy the entire list has had English presentation. Some of these notable plays long since lost their place in the list of possible revivals. Fifty years ago, Ira Aldridge, a colored tragedian, was famous as Aaron the Moor in "Titus Andronicus." Since his death, the bloody tragedy passed into absolute desuetude. Until Frederick Warde, during the last years of his stellar career revived "Timon of Athens," that powerful play had gone unsung; yet it possesses two accessory rôles superlative in latent opportunities, the splenetic barking Apemantus and the faithful steward, Ventidius. "Henry IV," Part II, until the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon presented it at the Carnegie Lyceum in the Spring of 1916, had not had a hearing since the elder Hackett played in it more than half a century before. It was one of Phelp's standbys during his memorable career at Sadlers Wells in London, where he used to double Falstaff with the senile Justice Shallow.

How, despite the absence of lengthy lines, and an opportunity to figure constantly in showy scenes, a player may still make his art shine forth with compelling brilliancy, Lyn Harding

IRA ALDRIDGE

A colored Shakespearean actor famous fifty years ago as Aaron the Moor in "Titus Andronicus"

proved to the modern generation when Sir Herbert Tree, as his contribution to the Bard's Tercentenary at the New Amsterdam in the Spring of 1917, revived "Henry VIII." In the title rôle, fairly sharing the honors with the star in that sumptuous revival, Harding woke over night to find his reputation increased an hundred fold. Bluff King Hal, at his hands, had come to life. The uxorious Tudor was a breathing entity. Made up after the Holbein portrait, his was a more than a striking mask, it was as though the original had stepped from the frame now hanging in the collection of Earl Spencer at Althrop Park. And yet playgoers of the '70's will remind you that something equally fine was contributed by J. G Taylor when Genevieve Ward assumed the royal robes of Katharine.

Nor is it to be forgotten that according to the foremost critics of the day, as Buckingham, Forbes-Robertson swept all before him by the magic of his priceless pathos and enchanting dignity, when Irving first revived the play at the Lyceum in London. For it is to be said of Shakespeare that can be said of no other playwright, that in his whole dramatis personae there is no character so deficient of an interest and identity as to evoke the scorn of even the most exacting player and stickler for his reputation. His bits are juicy, succulent bits, but always ventured in proportion to the part they play in the general balance.

It is quite extraordinary, when the splendid dramatic vitality and superlative humor of "Henry IV," Part I, are considered, how infrequently managers and actor-managers have made use of it as a programme feature. Perhaps actor-managers have passed it by in that it contains so many acting parts of such equal prominence and such wonderful opportunities. Yet quite thirty years had passed before Julia Marlowe and her then husband Robert Taber, presented it with beautiful attention to detail at Wallack's Theatre in March, 1896, and how impressively stunning it was, too, in its alternating moments of dignified pathos, heroic stimulation, compelling humor and tragic conclusion. What dashing romance was invested in Taber's assumption of the hot-brained Harry Percy, the splenetic Hotspur bursting with self-sustained enthusiasm for his rights and those of England, what spirit and fire, daring dash and over-confident enthusiasm flashed from his rendering of the part! A creation, indeed, of a character that has taken its place in the world's history as a type of the dauntless but misguided egoist, who loses all, in defying all, for want of faith in the opinions of others. And what a personation too was that of William F. Owen as Falstaff!

IN this part of the trilogy, in which Falstaff appears, Sir John is at his apogée, the unctuous, boasting, sensual, gluttonous, fat Knight, but with it all, *au fond*, a gentleman, as acted by Owen, became the living, breathing presentment of the poet's brain. No laboriously constructed outward mask of obesity, facial and physical, robbed the play of brain and body of its illuminative resources. It was really a something of more than passing value, it was a realization to the satisfying full of one of the greatest comic pictures ever penned.

A search of the records for the past forty-five years shows but two productions of "Measure for Measure" and those presented by women. As it was, Adelaide Neilson only presented an excerpt from this play, the prison scene at Booth's Theatre in the later seventies, her farewell to America. Her's was a beautiful rendering of Isabella—its mere outward beauty was a treat to the eye,—while this exquisite actress—all too soon to die,—by intuitive appreciation of its moving note of sisterly appeal and its poignant expression of womanly horror, made it beautifully real.

It may truthfully be said that these attributes were even more frequently sounded by Modjeska when she revived the comedy at the 14th Street Theatre in 1888. That was a noteworthy revival and in the presentation their impersonations in the socalled minor rôles call for recognition. First of these was Robert Taber's Claudio, the rendering of which brought him unanimous and unstinted praise. The comic appeal of William F. Owen's Pompey and Vincent Sternroyd's Lucio, the thoughtless, sensual Viennese gallant.

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JANET DUNBAR
Who plays Norah, the devoted shop assistant in "Lombardi, Ltd." with rare charm

Campbell

JULIA SANDERSON
One of the most beloved of our comic opera stars now appearing in "Rambler Rose"

Sarony

FRANCES DEMAREST
Seen recently in a leading rôle in the musical play "Furs and Frills"

Sarony

ANN ORR
The athletic girl, Bessie Tanner, in "Leave it to Jane"

Campbell

FLORENCE MALONE
As Lady Astrupp, the woman of fashion, in "The Masquerader"

LENDING THEIR TALENTS TO BROADWAY

AMERICAN WRITERS OF PATRIOTIC SONGS

By CLARE PEELER

A STATESMAN once remarked, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." George M. Cohan might have added, "I should worry who makes its dividends." But of that, as archy would say, more anon.

War and song seem to be as inseparably connected as war and the place that made General Sherman famous. Sometimes old songs that have lain fallow for years spring up into a new and even a national life,—as the *"Brabançonne,"* for instance, which became the national anthem of Belgium only after the Revolution of 1830, or as the *"Wacht am Rhein"* became that of Germany only in 1870. Sometimes they grow out of a special need,—as the *"Marseillaise"* came into fame because the Strasburg volunteers of 1792 wanted a marching song,—or as our *"Star-Spangled Banner,"* out of a particular event.

Sometimes like Topsy and some of her successors, they just "growed." *"Tipperary,"* for instance, no one needs to be told, was a music hall success, but it would be very difficult to persuade some of the French Colonials that it is not the British anthem.

Everything in this war is like other wars, only much more so. Where men died formerly by thousands, they perish now by millions; nations raise loans of billions now, instead of millions; and instead of one or two songs to fire and delight the soldier, dozens are penned over night.

There is the American *"Tipperary,"* as it is called, with its refrain of *"Oh, Joy! Oh, Boy! Where Do We Go From Here?"* with its lilt that sets your shoulders square only to hear, and its clever psychological appeal to man's love of the unknown goal. The song was written by Howard Johnson, and his account of how it came into being is extremely interesting.

It surprises one to learn that Mr. Johnson is a professional song-writer of several years' experience,—his appearance is so boyish and his attitude so naïve,—until one hears his acutely commonsensical comments on the subject of popular songs and their origin. His is, apparently, no accidental success, born of an enthusiasm,

HOWARD JOHNSON
Author of the American *"Tipperary"*

although he admits freely that inspirational moments make the popular song. Mr. Johnson has worked out the psychology of song-writing. One would expect that, perhaps, from the man who wrote *"Mother"*—now past the two-million mark in its sales,—and *"Ireland Must Be Heaven for My Mother Came From There."*

One works for weeks, sometimes, he tells and then suddenly comes the rhyme, the rhythm, the catching phrase,—or, best of all, as in his war-success, all three,—and one's song is made. He wrote *"Where Do We Go From Here?"* in just that manner. A friend had suggested to him to write a war-song, and had also suggested a new idea,—namely, of keeping away from the war-thought, if possible, until the last verse.

LIEUT. JOSEPH F. DUNN
Author of *"Daddy I Want to Go"*

"If you'll notice," said Mr. Johnson, "the great songs of the Spanish-American war on our side, —*'A Hot Time'* and *'Didn't He Ramble'*,—had nothing, intrinsically, to do with war. As my friend suggested and I agreed, a man who is going to war often wants to leave the thought of it behind him for awhile. There is bound to have been the sadness of parting with home or friends or both,—there is equally certain to be the thought of possible death or maiming in the future. He wants to get those things out of his mind. To dwell on them might weaken him for his big task. So, give him a war-song, something that brightens and cheers, if possible, amuses—and give him a stimulating rhythm to march to, and the thing is done. Anyhow, the idea seemed worth trying to me. So I wrote the first two stanzas of my song around a Broadway cabman, and made the refrain that everybody on Broadway knew and used with a smile, —*'Where Do We Go From Here?'*

"Then, when the last verse dealt with war, it did so along the line, which is a stimulating one to the brave man, of adventure of which he knows not the end. It happened to be literally true that most of the men that sung my song didn't in the least know where they *were* going, —whether they were headed for a training-camp in the East, the South, or the West,—or whether they were going direct to France. And of course, when they got to France, they'd know, if possible, still less about their goal.

"In the chorus, I added, purposely, a little element of boastfulness. If you've observed, every popular war-song carries a little of that. Why? Because if you take the boast out of a man, you take his heart out of the thing. At least, that's my theory."

When the song was finished, Mr. Johnson said he had the feeling that it would be either a tremendous success or a dead failure. It could not be half-way between the two.

The rhythm was so distinctly plain in his mind, the refrain so marked, that, as he says, he could almost have sat down at his piano and played it off. Mr. Percy Wenrich, however, set the song in its present winning form.

"I've seldom known a song to 'write itself' so utterly," says the lyricist, "and the tremendous success of *'Where Do We Go From Here?'* seems to prove the theory, advanced by the author, that 'when you know how to do a thing and your heart's in it, besides, it's almost bound to succeed. Only one thing you must always remember in this work,—you must put a big thought into the mind of the man in the street. But you must put it simply. He wants the big ideas, but they must be said in his language.'"

Another popular war song, *"Goodbye, Broadway, Hello, France,"* was written on the impulse of the moment. Francis Reisner said to his writing partner, William Baskette: "Billy, I've a great title for a patriotic song." "What is it?" he asked. The answer was, *"Goodbye Broadway, Hello, France."*

"The construction of the song began that very moment," says Mr. Baskette, "for the title sounded wonderful to me. Perhaps I worked under that inspiration. At any rate, while I have written a number of other songs, patriotic and otherwise in character,—some of them very successful,—this one seems to have carried me away somehow—and apparently it has affected other people in the same way. That experience, however, is not at all an unusual one in the life of a song-writer. He may write twenty-five songs, all apparently equally good; then comes the twenty-sixth, and behold! for no especial reason that he can see, it is the 'hit' of his life."

Then there is that other big popular success, *"Daddy, I Want to Go."* The author of this soldier-poem is Lieutenant Joseph F. Dunn, a broad-shouldered, keen-eyed young officer of the Granite State Training Ship "somewhere on the Hudson." Mr. Dunn comes quite properly by a soft Hibernian accent and an Irish twinkle in his eye that exlains perfectly why he had such good success recruiting last Spring.

"Daddy, I Want to Go" was set to music by

WILLIAM BASKETTE
Author of *"Goodbye, Broadway; Hello, France!"*

Mr. Eddie Stemble, and was a first attempt on both their parts. Mr. Stemble had studied song-writing on the vaudeville stage, so that when Lieut. Dunn wanted the simplest, most appealing, "catching" type of music for his thought, he simply couched, it was ready for him.

When Lieutenant (*Concluded on page* 388)

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Ina Claire making up as the French adventuress in "Polly with a Past" at the Belasco

PEGGY WOOD

Knitting for the soldiers in her spare moments between the acts of "Maytime." We wonder who'll be the lucky fellow to receive this sweater—the latest output from Miss Wood's nimble fingers

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EDITH TALIAFERRO

Putting the final touches on her costume as Nancy Carey, the charming, impulsive girl of "Mother Carey's Chickens" recently seen at the Cort Theatre

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

THE TRIALS OF AN IMPRESARIO

By MAX RABINOFF

MY difficulties in conducting grand opera on tour are no secret. There are men in the managerial occupation who believe that their troublesome hours are entirely hidden from the world. They forget that one of the chief objects in the lives of their competitors is to discover the entanglements of the other fellow's business. I learned long ago in the early struggles of my first ambition in America that it is always best to meet your troubles openly. I realize that in making a candid statement of this nature I am blazing a new trail for my competitors. I expect them to do the same as I do—step out into the open and give the public facts.

Like many men who are to-day directing operatic enterprises I did not begin life with the definite expectations of becoming an impresario. An impresario is a deeply-afflicted, long-suffering individual, who assumes the burdens of exacting singers, so that they will have very few for themselves, seeking at the same time to interest the public. Of course, he does not assume these burdens with the idea that he is to receive no benefit from their responsibility, but that is the way it works out very often.

THERE have been numerous occasions when I have had to call my singers together and have heart-to-heart talks with them. At certain times I have told them that, since they were not drawing the enormous salaries they expected to receive, because they were not worth the equivalent at the box-office, they would have to take less. They usually did so, but there was a reason for this miracle. It was usually a case of disbanding the entire organization on the spot, or meeting Misfortune with a smile and passing her by. It is really wonderful how you can disarm that ill-favored dame just that way. You see, in making such a proposition to my artists, I was perfectly within the bounds of fair treatment and logic. There is no reason in the world why an artist should insist upon receiving twice as much money as he can earn, although such reasoning seems at first contrary to the ethics of grand opera. Such extravagant organizations as the Metropolitan and Chicago companies have disregarded the substantial value of great singers. The demoralization to the economic life of grand opera which these companies have brought about is past the understanding of anyone who does not know the difficult conditions confronting an impresario.

When Maurice Grau was a director of the Metropolitan he tried to abolish such inconceivable fees as are paid to the famous singers to-day. He tried to produce grand opera as it should be produced, not as a vehicle for amassing great fortunes for individual artists, but by giving the public all-star performances. In this endeavor he succeeded admirably, and was pursuing the methods of grand opera as presented in Europe, where the star system is not encouraged by the music-loving public.

I have always insisted that the composer of fine music is really the chief beneficiary and not the singer who is successful by divine right of voice. No doubt Maurice Grau had some such adamant views of the real purport of grand opera work. His successor, Heinrich Conried, inherited his contracts with singers, but he did not inherit the magnificent managerial skill and real appreciation of music that his predecessor had demonstrated. Heinrich Conried, in his little German theatre on Irving Place, had been impressed with the box-office value of stars. Obsessed with this idea he introduced it at the Metropolitan Opera House. The ensemble of the company at that time was excellent. The public was not clamoring to hear one artist more than another, because they were all good. The contracts which they held had been made with Maurice Grau and were no doubt as economical as the shrewdness of that impresario might indicate. Conried, however, applied the ideas upon which he had directed his German theatre, which was to surround one artist with a company of less costly artists. So he inaugurated this policy in grand opera, not caring what the ultimate effect of such a system would have upon opera in America and upon the singers themselves. Then it was that he advertised "Calvé night,"

MAX RABINOFF
Director of the Boston Grand Opera Company

"Plançon night," "De Reszke night." In this way he was educating the public to the idea that these singers were far superior to any other singers in the company. He was putting a false value upon artistic talent, standardizing voices by names instead of by actual proportion of merit and intrinsic values. There may or there may not have been other singers in the Metropolitan Opera Company who were just as good, but this fact did not interest the German director.

THE result of this was that the public, having attention directed by extra advertisement to some few names of good singers, felt that it was not worth while to spend money to hear any others. This was the beginning of the downfall of the real purpose of grand opera, which should be to give productions, artistically and musically, in accordance with the instruction of the author and composer.

It caused, also, a far greater disadvantage to really good, all-around performances, because it became necessary for box-office reasons to reannounce continually the same singers. In this way they were cast and re-cast in parts that were frequently unsuited to them, that were vocally and dramatically inappropriate. The effect of this mismanagement is somewhat obvious even to-day. A new name on the bill-board of the Metropolitan Opera House means little to the public. It seems to imagine that there is only one tenor in the world no matter how competent another is, and the house is filled only when he sings.

These facts are generally known to musicians, but I do not believe they have been revealed extensively to the public. I don't know that it does much good to reveal them now, but I am pledged to confession and I am keeping my word. When I say that the celebrated singers of the Metropolitan are in some cases getting too old to sing I am hiding no facts. Also, when I say that the director of this enormously wealthy organization doesn't care how much he spends, I am confessing no secret knowledge. I mention these things, not because I wish to betray any secret of my competitors, but because they are linked with the prevailing elements that have made my own work of giving grand opera on tour so difficult.

MOST opera singers to-day have been spoiled by exaggerated rumors of prodigious salaries. And, furthermore, the entire grand opera public of the United States has been spoiled by this extravagant custom. The phonograph records of these highly advertised singers of the Metropolitan and Chicago companies have spread the fever of devotion to stars. To-day, no matter how excellent a symphony orchestra may be, it is booked with no such readiness as one of this group of stars so widely featured. In competition with the latter the orchestra must lose.

It has been misdirected effort, so far as the real advantages to the progress of music in this country are concerned. A booking agent can go into any city in the United States and "sell" an aged singer who was once over-advertised by the Metropolitan, practically at his own figure. Whether the artist's voice has survived the years is of no consequence. Up go the bills with the name of him who achieved fame in more youthful days, and the entire community that has been enjoying the records made by this singer years before crowds into the concert hall expecting to hear the same voice. Of course it doesn't, and when it thinks about it a little while it is not surprised.

I am emphasizing this method of commercializing singers to better establish the appreciation of the difficulties which it has created for the impresario on tour. It was with a full knowledge of them that I took the Boston Grand Opera Company on its travels through the continent. I did so chiefly from a personal conviction that opera should have an all-round production, not a star production, a policy that will be still retained in the coming tour of the Boston Company this season. Frequent opportunities have come to me to engage some of these over-advertised singers, but I have declined. On one occasion, against my better judgment, I was persuaded to engage a prima donna of built-up distinction. It was for several performances. Her first appearance proved her dismally unsuited to the character for which she had to be cast. So I paid her for the remaining performances and put in a singer who was younger, fresher and far better adapted to

White

Norah Lamison Grace George Esther Howard Florence Woolerson

"EVE'S DAUGHTER"—THE FIRST PLAY OF MISS GEORGE'S REPERTOIRE SEASON

GREGORY KELLY AND RUTH GORDON

In the dramatization of Booth Tarkington's novel, "Seventeen," now a big success in Chicago

Gilbert and Bacon

FRED STONE

The inimitable comedian who is responsible for the laughter which greets "Jack O' Lantern" nightly at the Globe

SUCCESSES IN AND OUT OF BROADWAY

the rôle. Although practically an unknown she made a memorable success.

My aim has been to have each artist accurately cast, to have each one histrionically as well as vocally adapted to his rôle. Artists of the Boston Company understand what is expected of them and before their first appearance each season they have so entered into the spirit of their rôles that they present virtually a living embodiment of each character. At the end of the first month of performances they are individually actors capable of the finest portrayals. I am very proud of the enthusiastic praise that has come from critics throughout the country for the dramatic achievements of these artists—as much so as for the laurels won vocally. To expect a singer, on the other hand, no matter how great an artist or how versatile, to fill twenty rôles equally well is preposterous. The measure of each singer must be thoroughly known by the impresario and the former must under no circumstances be required to fit himself by voice or physique where another singer belongs. Then grand opera ceases and burlesque begins. Unfortunately the public has been educated to the point of overlooking the monstrosities of opera; in catering to the ears of music devotees the eyes have been disregarded, on the assumption, perhaps, that the love of music, like other love, is blind.

The test of first-class grand opera should be the perfection of the ensemble, not the successful reaching of a few high C's by a popular idol.

I cannot deny that the support which grand opera receives on tour is frequently discouraging. After a season's initial expense of $128,000 it is disheartening to find oneself unsupported by the public, and subsequently in great financial difficulty. Enough to shake one's confidence you may suggest. It perhaps requires little courage in my own case because I am a fatalist. If I start out with the very best organization I can get, and it seems to go wrong, it is not my fault. I have done my best. This mental attitude is relieving and makes the stress of circumstances endurable.

I have had some extraordinary experiences in being rescued miraculously at the eleventh hour. I remember on one occasion I had surrendered, my organization was about to disband and I had given notice that we should return to New York in the middle of the season to recoup our fortunes. I received a wire from a man I did not know in the Middle West. It read:

"No, you shall not quit. How much money do you need at once?"

I wired back in a sort of sardonic humor that I needed $20,000, and received the following reply:

"Am sending my man with $20,000 cash on next train. Wait for it."

The messenger arrived, handed me $20,000 in very pretty bills and showed a draft for $10,000 more, if needed.

This may sound like a fairy story, but it has happened more than once, and there is an encouraging moral attached to it. It demonstrates an unselfish desire in America for good music, good opera. It also shows that there is plenty of money to be had for ventures that are conducted without regard for other issues than artistic excellence.

My constant effort in giving first-class grand opera throughout (*Concluded on page* 388)

SANTA CLAUS GIVES A PARTY

By HAROLD SETON

SCENE:—*A large banquet hall, brilliantly lighted.*

At dozens of tables are seated hundreds of actors and actresses. At the head of the speakers' table, in the place of honor, sits the host, Santa Claus, in his characteristic attire.

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Ladies and gentlemen of the theatre, it affords me great pleasure to welcome you to still one more Christmas Party! It is my profession to make people happy on one day of the year, but it is your profession to make people happy for seasons of forty weeks at a time! I want you to make me happy tonight! I want you to relieve me of the task of making speeches! Let me simply do my bit at the beginning and at the end! In the meantime, permit me to present Mr. John Drew! (*Applause.*)

JOHN DREW (*rising*): Santa Claus has spoken first, and I am proud to be "the Second in Command"! I would not change places with "The Squire of Dames" or "The Duke of Killiecrankie"! Life for us should be as "One Summer's Day," and we should not submit to "The Tyranny of Tears"! Optimists are the truth-tellers, but pessimists are "The Liars"! So here is my toast: "Rosemary"—that's for remembrance! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Miss Maude Adams! (*Applause.*)

MAUDE ADAMS (*rising*): I would like to tell you "What Every Woman Knows," whether she be "The Pretty Sister of José," or the ugly sister of somebody else! "L'Aiglon" may soar, "Chantecler" may crow, "Peter Pan" may refuse to grow up, and even "The Little Minister" may deliver a sermon, but we will still have "A Kiss for Cinderella" and a kiss for Santa Claus! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mr. William Faversham! (*Applause.*)

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM (*rising*): "Herod" and "Letty," "Getting Married," may be "The Masqueraders"; "Lord and Lady Algy" may be "The Conquerors"; while "The Squaw Man," "Under the Red Robe," may suggest either "The Fawn" or "The Hawk," but "Brother Officers" will admit that "The World and His Wife" love Santa Claus! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mrs. Fiske! (*Applause.*)

MRS. FISKE (*rising*): Is the theatre merely "A Doll's House"? What says "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"? What says "Becky Sharp"? What says "Lady Patricia"? What says "Salvation Nell"? What says "Erstwhile Susan"? I will tell you! They say, "Yes, but it is situated on "The High Road" to happiness! That is "The New York Idea," and it is my idea too! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mr. Otis Skinner! (*Applause.*)

OTIS SKINNER (*rising*): "Kismet"! Allah is great, and Santa Claus is his prophet! "Sire," for "The Honor of the Family," permit me to remain "Your Humble Servant"—"Mister Antonio"! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Miss Ethel Barrymore! (*Applause.*)

ETHEL BARRYMORE (*rising*): Listen to the confession of "Cousin Kate," "The Country Mouse"! Were I "Alice-sit-by-the-fire" or "Trelawney of the Wells," sailing away on a "Sunday," chaperoned by "Our Mrs. McChesney," to join my fiancé, "Captain Jinks," and while in "Mid-Channel" I got a wireless message from Santa Claus, I would return at once, jilting the Captain for dear old Santa! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mr. Arnold Daly! (*Applause.*)

ARNOLD DALY (*rising*): "Candida" kept us guessing! What was "Mrs. Warren's Profession"? Where was "John Bull's Other Island"? Truly, "You Never Can Tell"! But this much I know! "Man and Superman" refers to man and Santa Claus! Santa Claus is indeed "The Man of Destiny"! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Miss Lillian Russell! (*Applause.*)

LILLIAN RUSSELL (*rising*): Some call us players "The Mountebanks," and some call us "The Brigands," but whom have we among our numbers? "La Belle Hélène," "Lady Teazle," "The Grand Duchess," "Princess Nicotine" and "The Queen of Brilliants"! For my part, I care not if people call me "La Cigale" or "Giroflé-Girofla," so long as Santa Claus calls me "The American Beauty"! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mr. David Warfield! (*Applause.*)

DAVID WARFIELD (*rising*): Fate is "The Auctioneer"! One man becomes "The Music Master," and another becomes "The Grand Army Man"! Some wait for "The Return of Peter Grimm," but I only wait for the return of Santa Claus—year after year! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Miss Julia Marlowe! (*Applause.*)

JULIA MARLOWE (*rising*): Such warmheartedness and goodfellowship as is evidenced here tonight would bring about even "The Taming of the Shrew," the melting of "The Merchant of Venice," and the cheering up of "Hamlet," the melancholy Dane! Therefore, the situation is as *I* like it, and is, I am sure, also "As *You* Like It"! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mr. George M. Cohan! (*Applause.*)

GEORGE M. COHAN (*rising*): I have been known as "Little Johnnie Jones," "George Washington, Junior," "The Yankee Prince" and "The Governor's Son," but Santa Claus is now "Running for Office," and I know he will be elected President of the United Hearts! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Miss Eva Tanguay! (*Applause.*)

EVA TANGUAY (*rising*): "I Don't Care"! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Let us now hear from Mr. Sam Bernard! (*Applause.*)

SAM BERNARD (*rising*): "Sufficiency"! (*Applause.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Ladies and gentlemen of the theatre, let me wish you one and all a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year! (*Applause and cheers. All start singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"*)

(Curtain.)

Kikuchi

AUGETTE FORET

The successful *genre* artiste who creates with delicate imagination and dramatic instinct miniatures of the song world

White

HARRY LAUDER

The famous Scotch comedian is making a farewell tour of America. His new songs, delivered in his inimitable style, are delighting audiences

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PERCY GRAINGER

The Australian pianist in uniform as a saxophone player in the United States Army. He has given up a profitable musical career to enlist

Press Ill.

Bessie McCoy (Mrs. Richard Harding Davis) and her little daughter. Miss McCoy has returned to the stage in "Miss 1917"

© Ira L. Hill

LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AND HIS FAMOUS NAVAL BAND

From the Great Lakes Training Station, Chicago, Ill. The band, which comprises 300 men, is figuring conspicuously in all patriotic parades and demonstrations

PEOPLE OF NOTE IN THE THEATRE

VAUDEVILLE DEMANDS CHEERFUL PATRIOTISM

By NELLIE REVELL

VAUDEVILLE not only does its bit, but a whole lot more. It has given its cherished headliners to be soldiers; it devotes its stages to recruiting and its lobbies to the sale of Liberty Bonds. For the Tobacco Fund, vaudeville alone raised ninety thousand dollars. And as for songs, recitations and sketches!—no act complete without some expression of loyalty. The two-a-day fairly bristles with patriotism. But it insists on being cheerful about it.

Do your duty with a smile—that has always been the crisp motto of the vaudevillian. And in war time, the rule is just as good if not better. Meet life with a smile on your lips—and death too, if need be. For Wilson's sake, don't think that to be patriotic, you must pull a long face and act like a boiled-in-oil martyr. War is terrible—true. But it won't help matters to dwell on its horrors. With magazines and newspapers full of the tales of battlefields, hospitals and atrocities, there ought to be one haven of refuge for the blood-curdled citizen. And vaudeville, consistently, supplies that retreat.

Not until this week has vaudeville violated its rule of how to be cheerful though patriotic. But every rule has its exception, and perhaps vaudeville's merriment will shine the brighter hereafter in contrast with the elaborately uninspiring war drama, "The Bonfire of Old Empires," by Marion Craig Wentworth—well known as the author of "War Brides."

It is not treason to confess that we infinitely prefer Miss Wentworth's peace propaganda to her war propaganda. "War Brides" was a well constructed drama, enhanced by the genius of that wonderful artist, Nazimova, and the support of a flawless cast. It was one of the few powerful tragedies written in the last decade.

BUT "The Bonfire of Old Empires" is a different matter. A combination of the speaking drama and the silent drama, it is neither "flesh, fowl nor good red herring." The spoken section is bad—the picture portion worse, and together—well, Burbank was the only chap who had much success at grafting, outside the politicians, and he always had nature to help him join things together. In Miss Wentworth's playlet, the two parts are still asunder.

The story is that of Michael Stanhoff, "a captain of the empire," who finds himself duty bound to court-martial and shoot an old friend. The sister of this old friend, Carina Rai, was at one time the object of his devotion. Now she visits him, not so much to plead for her brother, or for herself, likewise a rebel hunted by the soldiers, as in the hope of opening the captain's eyes to this mistaken loyalty to the old imperial idea and to win him to the cause of freedom. Torn between duty and love, Michael listens to Carina, but he finally sends her away. Then sinking speedily to sleep, he dreams—a vision presented by motion pictures—of the gods on high who sent the Spirit of Freedom to awaken men to throw off their bonds. The downtrodden Russians, from the lash of the whip, rise up to burn palaces and overthrow the oppressor. The French, all sitting happily in a cabaret, are called from the café to lead the fight for freedom. Italy, England and America send soldiers to aid the cause. Oh, yes, there's a suffrage plank in there somewhere, a scene where the doors of the House of Parliament are burst open by the women. In the end, the world of men is free and equal, and the gods on the mountain top send down the gentle Spirit of Peace.

All this is very pretty in words, but as presented in the one-reel motion picture (spelled reel not real)—! Well, motion pictures have committed some atrocities, but this is quite the worst the screen has had to submit to for some years.

AWKWARD, amateur—what is the word that will convey how inadequate this picture was to the noble theme? Zeus, the greatest of the gods, for instance, resembled nothing so much as a Hepner's delight. The wind-blown old gentleman seemed all hair and whiskers, and had to use his thunderbolt to keep them out of the way when he wanted to talk. The Spirit of Freedom surely was a chorus man in his last incarnation. The great armies of England, Italy and America were suggested by one squad of uniformed "repeaters" and a lot of smoke and red fire. In these days when the films show the real armies so impressively, and when mighty spectacles with stupendous effects are by no means uncommon, it is scarcely possible to conjure a mighty appeal out of such sketchy material. The Russian episode of oppression was doubtless a straining after effect—but to say the least it was gruesome. Women shuddered as the prisoner was tied to the flogging post, his back bared and the whip descended. Why, Marcus Loew, in his ten-cent picture theatres, does not permit such unnecessary and unpleasant visualizations of cruelty.

Then—after the movie curtain has rolled up out of sight, the captain awakens, a changed man. Carina reappears pursued by soldiers. Michael tells her of his conversion, and boldly dashes off his resignation to the empire, sends it in by one of Carina's captors. Just then the mob outside shout the timely news that the revolution has been successful. The people—and Carina are free. She and the captain embrace once more in the dashing fashion affected by revolutionists.

The audience was chuckling as the curtain descended. For no matter how patriotic we all be—we can't swallow such a queer concoction as this: symbolism, cruel realism and acting on a crudely melodramatic plane. The cast can hardly be blamed; having no previous experience in such matters, they were evidently trying to act noble according to the author's concept.

NOW for a genuine stimulant for recruits and an inspiration for patriotism there's Nora Bayes! She devotes half her new act to "Sammie" songs and half her wardrobe to red, white and blue costumes, and when she appears in her "Spirit of '76" dress and sings *"Over There,"* there isn't a man, woman or child in the house that wouldn't willingly dash right out and join the Army. Then her partner—he is Irving Fisher of last year's Century show and this year's "Follies" and quite the best partner Miss Bayes has had—looking like a soldier in his smart uniform, sings *"Somewhere in France,"* and together their voices ring out in *"Laddie Boy!"* Why, the Declaration of Independence and the Russian Revolution couldn't cause much more excitement than Miss Bayes and partner singing war songs! All of which goes to prove that patriotism must be backed by talent before it is effective, either as entertainment or propaganda.

Not that Miss Bayes confines herself to "U. S. A." songs. She sings in all keys and all dialects. There's *"O'Brien is Looking for You"* in the rich Irish brogue that made Kelly famous; a comedy "coon" song, and a song cycle in which she wanders through New York, recalling the days of *"Little Annie Rooney"* and *"The Bowery"* in contrast with our present-day *"Poor Butterfly."* There's an Indian recitation in a comedy vein but delivered with fine seriousness. Miss Bayes is versatile, and more than that, she does each kind of song better than those who make a specialty of one dialect. For scope, power and the broad human quality of her comedy, she is a a comedienne with few equals in or out of vaudeville. It is no mean task to entertain an audience singly for ten or fifteen minutes, as most vaudevillians can testify. Miss Bayes always has the house tumultuously applauding for more at the end of three-quarters of an hour. This alone stamps her a great artiste.

TO cite another instance of the value of cheerfulness and patriotism, consider Corporal Arthur Fields and Private Flatow, that jokester at the piano. They are both real Uncle Sam boys and dropped into the Palace at intermission time to sell a few bonds. Did they talk of duty—that uninteresting old abstraction? Not a bit of it! They sang a couple of verses about the soldier in the hospital and the pretty nurse: *"I Don't Want to Get Well."* It not only unlocked pocketbooks, but was a real consolation to the mothers and friends of those who have lately joined the ranks. Things can't be so bad if these chaps in uniform feel as merry as all that! And as an inspiration for volunteers, the record of these two for attracting recruits to the 71st testifies that the sight of a couple of "live wires" wearing the khaki is more potent than all your talk of the Spirit of Freedom.

Nobody is singing of Broadway any more; from the looks of it, who can blame them? Last week seemed to be Dixie week at the Palace, with everybody lilting about the Mason-Dixon line, with John B. Hymer's "Tom Walker in Dixie," and with Henry E. Dixey's wife one of the chief attractions. She's Marie Nordstrom, professionally, you know, and she has blended old and new material in her monosongologue. As always she is refreshingly clever.

The Hymer sketch is one of the most richly humorous character studies in the two-a-day. Mr. Hymer knows both vaudeville and human nature; even in Tom Walker's reformation he is consistent: "I'll jes' read my Bible and drink my gin," says Tom.

Only one dancing turn of note brightened the month. Gertrude Vanderbilt, with an array of bizarre, Bakst-like costumes danced and chattered and sang—she sings better than most dancers by the way—with George Moore as her *vis-a-vis*. The act is entitled "An Imaginary Revue" and ranged from love songs to travesty.

Just a line of prophecy—two little demoiselles known as the DeWolf Girls are on the right road to vaudeville fame. They have youth, charm, talent and clothes, clothes, clothes.

White

ADELAIDE AND HUGHES

Whose clever dance conceits never fail to charm

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT

With a collection of bizarre costumes, Miss Vanderbilt is singing, chattering and dancing her way into vaudeville's graces

© Ira L. Hill

JOAN SAWYER

Back again in vaudeville with a new and delightful Terpsichorean confection

White

NORA BAYES

Who occasionally appears in a musical comedy or review, but always returns to her first love, vaudeville, to the delight of Variety fans

SOME REASONS WHY VAUDEVILLE PLEASES

STEPPING STONES

By JENNIE A. EUSTACE

WHY do girls go on the stage? I do not know. But I have always felt that the reason why one particular girl went on the stage was because of her father—long before her birth—indeed long before he ever knew he would have a daughter—determined if he ever did have one he would "get even" by making an actress of her.

My mother was old-fashioned—and prejudiced—on all matters pertaining to the theatre. Of all the lurking places of the devil she believed the playhouse the most pernicious. After breaking her engagement of marriage to my father twice—for what seemed to her good and lawful reasons, and becoming engaged to him for the third time, some young friends informed her that he was secretly coaching a company of amateur thespians for an appearance at Rand's Opera House in the City of Troy, N. Y. That was the capital offense. Off came the engagement ring again—and my poor father (who was to be) was sent about his business for the third time. But in time, of course, the troth was on again, in due time the wedding bells rang—and the honeymoon commenced.

I have always believed that my father took a solemn oath the day he was married, that he would pay my mother in her own coin for flouting the theatre as she had. His own love for it was intense, and he had no mind that the lady of his heart should remain an alien all her life to the beauty and the joy of good plays and good acting. And so on every evening of that radiant honeymoon, he adroitly and tactfully, and with deliberate intention guided her to some temple of the Muse, where the very best that the theatre produced in those days could be seen and heard.

AND she fell,—an enchanted victim—into his trap. The first play they saw together was "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," with C. W. Couldock playing Sir Giles Overreach. I remember my mother telling me once that she could never afterwards endure the mention of Mr. Couldock's name, so deeply had he impressed her with his villainy.

That honeymoon ended all her aversion to theatre going. Indeed, she became even a greater enthusiast than my father—and I have known her to sigh at the end of a five-act play, because she had not found it long enough.

And so when the time arrived to decide upon a place in the world's work for me—their only daughter—it was my mother who sent me to New York to a dramatic teacher, to find out if I possessed any of the necessary requirements for becoming an actress. My father was "even."

The teacher to whom I went was Mrs. Emma Walker, and an excellent teacher she was. Following a brief period with her, I became a pupil of Mr. Franklin Sargent's school of acting.

I am greatly in favor of at least a short season of preparation before attempting the actual work of the stage. One can never be really taught to act. But an intelligent instruction in simple technique—an explanation of the terms used in stage direction—a knowledge of how to use one's voice, of how to carry one's body—and an understanding of many other things of similar nature, give to the beginner a valuable repose, and enable her to use—without self-consciousness—the natural gifts for interpretation which she may possess.

Out of the Sargent school came a little non-professional experience, when Mr. Gustave Frohman took out a small company—selected from the school by the pupils themselves—I was made the leading woman, and we journeyed to Yonkers and to Albany.

Not long after this a man of wide prominence—a friend of my brother's—David B. Hill, secured for me letters of introduction to Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer, from a personal friend of both men. Each letter carried the same message:—the writer would consider it a personal favor if the bearer were given an interview, and if possible, an opportunity to prove herself.

Needless to say, the letters won an interview almost at once. But it is interesting to recall the difference in the receptions I met with from both men. Mr. Wallack impressed me at once as being superficial and an egoist. He took a very careful inventory of my appearance—talked to me largely about what "closed books" New York theatres were and endeavored to impress upon me—but always with a sort of dandified politeness—my absolute insignificance. He promised, however, to remember me, and asked me to write to him to Florida, where he was going the next day.

JENNIE A. EUSTACE

Loved and remembered for the portrayal of a long line of refined gentlewomen on our stage, Miss Eustace is a product of the best metropolitan stock company training. She began her career under the management of the late A. M. Palmer, during his tenancy of the old Madison Square Theatre and her experience in this house of famous players makes her an exceptional authority on the merits of the stock system. More recently she was seen on Broadway in "The Witching Hour"

Mr. Palmer made my interview with him short and to the point. He paid very little attention to me personally, but expressed himself as always anxious to do a friend a favor. He would be casting a play in a fortnight's time—thought I might play one of the parts—would let me rehearse it at any rate. If I played it at all, I might consider myself engaged for four weeks, as that was the length of time he had planned for the run of the play in question. The play was "Our Society," and I played the æsthetic girl from Boston. Not a word had been said about salary, and it is laughable to recall what a vague idea I had of the amount I might even expect. It was the custom of the old Madison Square Theatre to pay salaries on Tuesday nights, and as each member of the company went out after the performance, he would stop at a little window opening from the box-office into the hall, which led to the stage as well as to the street, and receive his envelope. I knew nothing of the custom and naturally when I went out that first Tuesday night I did not stop. But the next afternoon, as I was leaving after the matinée, someone spoke to me as I passed the window and reminded me that I had not taken my salary. He gave me an envelope and I signed the book. When I found myself where I thought I could open the envelope without being seen, I found four new ten-dollar bills in it. It seemed a great deal of money for the little work I was doing, and I was not sure until the second salary night came around that Mr. Palmer had not paid me for the whole four weeks at once. How many times my brother and I laughed over this in later years!

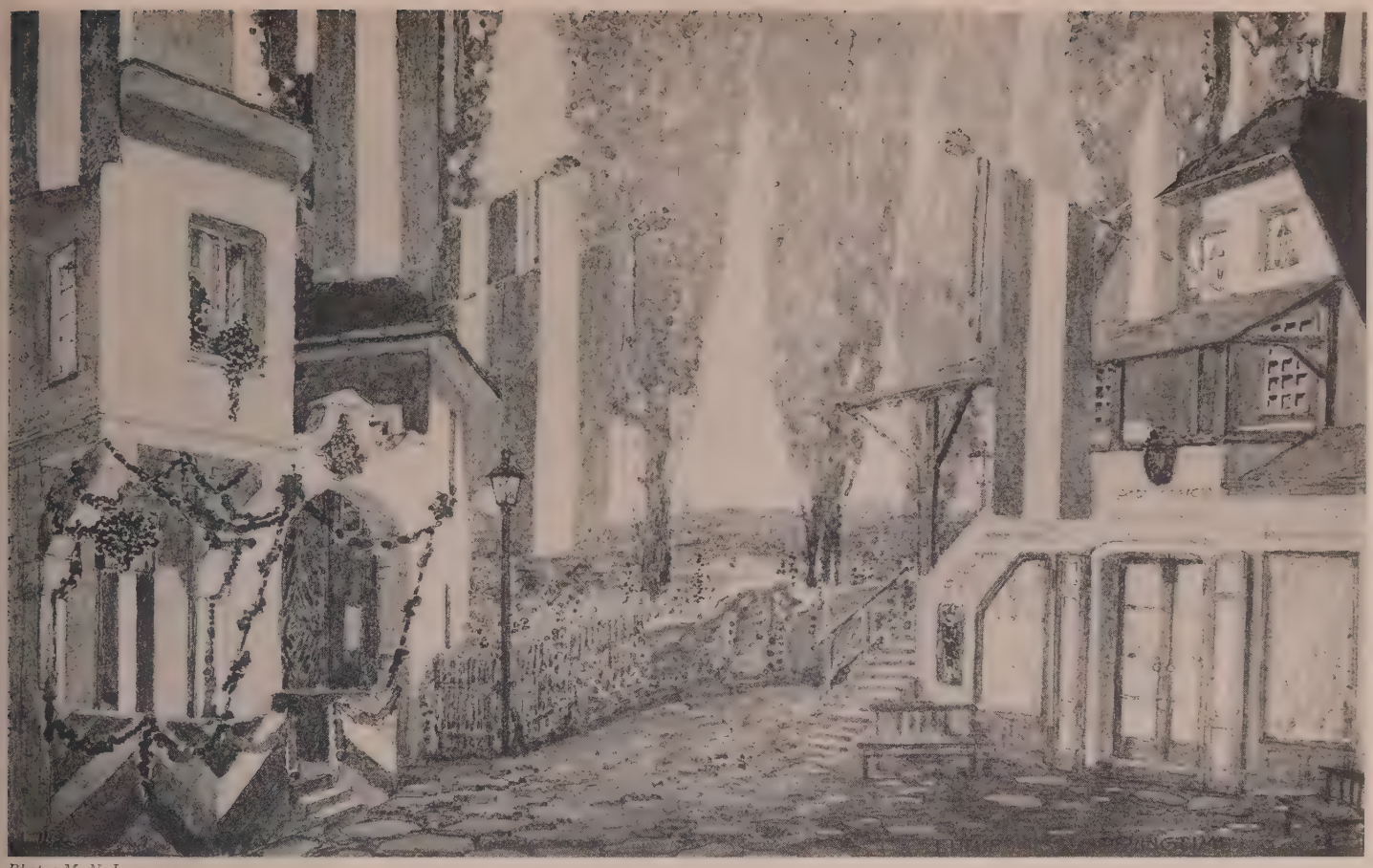
The two performances in "Our Society," which stand out in my memory as of superlative excellence, were those of Miss Maude Harrison and Miss Annie Russell. Miss Russell was at that time the leading juvenile woman of the company, and was peculiarly fragile and sensitive in appearance.

THOSE four weeks gave me an introduction to a notable group of men and women. In the cast itself was only a small measure of the strength of Mr. Palmer's splendid company. But the other members dropped in to call at the different dressing-rooms from time to time, or they came for their letters, so that little by little I learned to know them.

And then those four weeks stretched on to seven years! Seven years which held much of inspiration and which led to much high endeavor. Seven gratifying years which still sing to me high notes of gladness and of unusual theatrical harmony—chiefly because of the splendid, broad, human and unselfish personalities by which I was surrounded.

And of all the unselfish ones the name of Maurice Barrymore must be written first. Before I met him I had been regaled by countless stories of his wit and brilliancy. But as I remember him to-day, the qualities which seemed to me to most distinguish him were those of simplicity and a nice consideration of the comforts of the less important members of the company. His dressing-room was always at the disposal of anyone who thought he needed it more than he did. Indeed, Mr. Barrymore never seemed to need a dressing-room at all. There are some men with whom the use of "make-up" seems an inconsistency, and he was one of them.

He was a positive joy on the frequent transcontinental trips we made in those days. He seemed never to want to sleep, and it was his delight to crowd into his stateroom as many of the younger members of the company as possible, and then to keep us up all night outlining plays. Each one of us was expected to contribute



Photos M. N. Lawrence

SCENE DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN FOR ACT I. OF "MISS SPRINGTIME"

THIS ARTISTIC SET WAS DESIGNED FOR PAVLOWA'S BALLET "GISELLE"

Joseph Urban is the man of the hour in stage decorating. He it was who designed the settings for "Miss 1917," "The Riviera Girl," the Fred Stone show "Jack O' Lantern," and for the "Follies of 1915, 1916 and 1917." One of the forerunners of the Viennese school, Mr. Urban first gained his reputation abroad. He designed such buildings as the Khedive's Palace in Cairo, numerous private residences, museums and bridges. He was also Artistic Director of the Hof Theatre in Vienna. At the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, three of the new productions and revivals have been put into Mr. Urban's hands for Meyerbeer's "Prophète," Gounod's "Faust," and Liszt's "St. Elizabeth."

INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF JOSEPH URBAN'S STAGE SETTINGS

something of value to the plot, the dialogue and the action. It seems a pity that no record was kept of them. But we only talked them, we did not write them down.

His charm was over the entire company. The most obscure member felt at absolute ease with him, and sure of his protection in times of need. His fondness for animals was known to many people in the West, and many were the wonderful—and difficult—gifts sent him, all of which he accepted and at least endeavored to take home with him. Once when he reached New York his stateroom contained two squirrels, a crow, a parrot, a dog and a coyote! He was careless to a remarkable degree of his appearance. Dress had no appeal for him. But there was a look of such high personal distinction in the man himself that one seldom thought of what he wore.

He never wanted for a quick retort to any criticism. One night on tour, Mrs. Booth was ill, and I had been asked to hold myself in readiness to play in case she was not ready to do so. Shortly before the curtain went up, Mr. Holland went into Mr. Barrymore's room and noticed a strong odor of onions.

"Barry, old man," he said, "you ought not to eat those things when you have to play such intimate scenes with a lady—it's outrageous of you." Suavely and quickly Mr. Barrymore came back. Putting his hand ingratiatingly on Mr. Holland's shoulder, he replied, "Well, you see, I knew if Mrs. Booth played, she would be too ill to notice them; and I knew if Jennie had to play, she'd be too nervous to care. So I said to myself, 'Eat all you want.'"

We were playing "Alabama" at the Harlem Opera House one night, when he came to me and said, "I wish you would wait a moment after the third act. I would like to introduce you to a particular friend of mine." I waited and he brought to me a very beautiful little girl, saying, "This is my daughter"—adding in a quaint aside to me—"Quite the best thing I have ever done." That same little girl, Ethel Barrymore, has since become one of the greatest artistes of our times.

There has been no family on the American stage of whose members so many amusing and witty anecdotes are related as of the Barrymore family. I listened once—in the station at Philadelphia—to a conversation between Miss Ada Dyas, then a member of the Palmer Company and Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore which greatly amused me, and which I have never forgotten. We had just reached Philadelphia to play an engagement, and as we were passing out of the station Miss Dyas caught sight of Mrs. Barrymore coming in—and hastened to greet her. She was about to leave for New York. After they had exchanged a few personal inquiries, Miss Dyas asked after Mrs. Barrymore's mother—Mrs. John Drew. With a quaint little shrug of the shoulders and an indescribable lifting of the eyebrows, she replied, "Mother is becoming a little—a little difficult. She always did like to be pretty well up stage. But now she insists upon being painted in the scene." Another characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Barrymore occurs to me. She was once playing in San Francisco under the management of Charles Frohman, when William H. Crane, who was also in California at the time, was considering a revival of "The Henrietta," in the original production of which Mrs. Barrymore had given a brilliant performance of the widow. Meeting Mrs. Barrymore, he told her of his desire to revive the old play—and to do it at once—and asked her if she would return to the rôle of "Mrs. Opdyke." She assured Mr. Crane she would be delighted to do so if possible. The following interchange of telegrams resulted: "Mr. Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, New York City. (*Concluded on page* 388)

A TEAM OF PLAYWRIGHTS EXTRAORDINARY

By EILEEN O'CONNOR

TWO young men have formed an international alliance for the consumption of American dollars. They have written a million-dollar play. This season ten plays are their contribution to the American stage, which qualifies them for expert testimony as to how to write the successful play. That half of them which they chose as spokesman gives the recipé in five words: "American 'pep' and English polish."

GUY BOLTON

P. G. Wodehouse, who wrote a funny column for a London daily, then rose or fell to the estate of an attaché of the Gaiety Theatre, "writing all I could for two pounds a week," is the spokesman for the pair of playwright plutocrats. Guy Bolton, the other, is the traveling member.

The activities of the remarkable pair of male Cinderellas are represented during the season of 1917-1918 with "Miss 1917," "The Riviera Girl," "Kitty Darlin'," in which we shall see Alice Nielsen's return from grand opera to comic, "The Girl from Ciro's," "Piccadilly Jim," a dramatization of Mr. Wodehouse's novel of that title, a play, still unnamed, for the Dolly Sisters, "Leave It to Jane," "The Living Safe," an adaptation of the French play "Madame and Her Godson," and a new play for the Princess that will be ready for the little playhouse when "Oh, Boy," its million-dollar tenant, has folded its glittering tent and Arab-like, stolen away.

P. G. Wodehouse is an Englishman. They say, at Dulwich College, from which he was graduated, that he was the most modest, and the most diligent student of that institution. They say further that he was born with a pen in his hand, but one may not urge this point for lack of corroborative evidence. At all events we need no corroborative evidence of the fact that his pen has proven a pen of gold. Let "Oh, Boy" and its ten successors testify. Guy Bolton is an American of English education. His writing partner affirms that he is the only man who has the right to vote in two countries. But two years separate them. Mr. Wodehouse is the senior by two years. He is thirty-six.

Their union was one of chance. At least it seems a mere chance that "Jerry"—so his friends dare to address Jerome Kern, the composer—was a fellow worker at the Gaiety Theatre, with young Mr. Wodehouse. It seems a chance that they wrote together a popular song. Grave Britons thought "Mr. Chamberlain," an impudent ballad because it toyed with the patent peculiarities of the Prime Minister of England who bore that name. But that, ten years having fled, "Jerry" Kern should remember his writing partner so well and practically that he should "get him going on Broadway," is the most remarkable chance.

"So you have come to the States," he said at their reunion, "and of course you want to work? Better come up with me to Guy Bolton's house to-night."

"Jerry" Kern was master of ceremonies at the presentation. "P. G., Guy; Guy, P. G.," he spoke, and the future partners looked levelly at each other with the unreserved gaze of men.

"My wife says she met your daughter on her last crossing," said P. G. "I remember," said Guy.

"Jerry" and P. G. and Guy talked long that night. They took frank stock of each other.

"You boys can write together," asserted Mr. Kern. "P. G.'s great on lyrics. Guy can spin out the book. I'll worry along with the music."

At that time Guy Bolton was an architect, who leaned at the angle of inclination of the tower of Pisa, toward the theatre. He had done a little playwriting, but none of which he was proud. By his attempts he had learned the technique of the stage.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

"None better," asserts his admiring partner.

The offspring of their union was "Miss Springtime." Another was "Have a Heart," and then "Oh, Boy," of phenomenal success at the Princess Theatre, a success that will be duplicated, it is expected, by four companions on tour.

"Oh, Boy" was the title chosen because its authors believed it would be the next bit of current oral coin. Frank Tinney was exclaiming "Oh, Boy" nightly to the amusement of audiences, although the audiences didn't quite know why they were amused.

"We wrote 'Oh, Boy' in ten days." Spokesman Wodehouse declares it. Usually it takes us about a month to write a play. A few conferences result in an idea and a plan. They write alternate acts and each revises the work of the other.

One theatrical success means many contracts. Requests for a Wodehouse-Bolton output came by telephone and telegraph, after the opening of "Oh, Boy." Eager managers could not wait for the slow process of the mails.

The play-a-month procedure is a merry one. Which may be one of the reasons that the twain are playwrights extraordinary.

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

Edited by CHARLES D. ISAACSON

"I LOVE that music," says Lady Henry in Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray." "It's so loud that one can talk without being overheard by those who shouldn't hear."

To some, music is a product served up in restaurants. It is a rag and a bone and a clank of heels. It is a thing put to words about "eyes of blue and you, and moons and spoons." It is a clash of drums and fifes. It is a very aristocratic sort of affair, known as opera, where society rests bedecked and are stared at, while high-priced imported song-birds warble in languages unknown. It is a concert attended by gentlemen who come that they may write the next day about it with scorn or condescending graciousness.

Music is the most beloved and glorious thing which ever was discovered by man for the entertainment and satisfaction of man—and yet it is misunderstood by many and snubbed and completely disregarded by most.

One-half of the world have been content to swallow the tradition that only a small and select group of persons were able to grasp the supposed intricacies of great music. They have steered clear of the concert halls and the opera houses as they would from a class in trigonometry or the Greek classics. They have shivered at the icy bitterness of the writers of music, and despite the one-time latent intuition that they really enjoyed fine music, have gradually become attached to the notion that they don't. They have concluded unconsciously that inasmuch as they cannot afford the time nor the effort to enter a long novitiate in the mysteries, histories, theories and practices of musical lore, that they will never know, and they had better forget it.

With more or less guilty feeling they have then gone back to their cabarets, vaudeville theatres, musical comedies and revues, to revel in the unblushing enjoyment of Irving Berlin, Wolfie Gilbert, and their set. While this very exclusive and highly intellectual band of "music-lovers" continued to refrigerate the world in general with the good masters, and to sneer most loudly at the truck and rubbish which the lower level enjoy.

I call a halt to this practice of ignorance. All unconsciously the whole erroneous system is being altered. Where a few years ago, there were but a handful of artists in this country, and a mere scattering of musical events,—to-day every little city has its season of music, by worthwhile performers. Where but a few thousand made up the music-going public, it is to-day over two million. Music schools and teachers are turning out hundreds of thousands of fairly trained amateurs and professionals. The phonograph and the player-piano are making musicians of us all.

I proclaim two definite principles concerning music in America and I shall continually reiterate them in these pages. I say that there is no such thing as caste in musical appreciation. I say that there is no sharply defined line between what is good and bad in music and its interpreters.

In other words, music is for everyone, and all music is deservedly created, though it be a cheap tawdry ballade doomed to die a few short weeks after its inception, or the master symphonies of the immortal Beethoven. I bring them all together—into one vast amphitheatre, seeking to break down the snobbery of one element, and to urge on the other the logic, the beauty, and glorious inspiration of the music which has lasted for ages.

I am speaking to a population no smaller than that of the United States; your conventional reviewer of music is addressing a small didactic audience. You will be interested to know that whereas all of you are glad to hear music for the sheer beauty it brings your senses, that it has been almost impossible to find a platform in the press where a popular treatment of the subject would be accorded a hearing. You don't want to know technical things, do you?

This is your column,—through it you will find your pathway to music made clear and more interesting. It is to be an attempt to humanize music and its interpreters.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

IT is true that every composer of music is influenced by the locale of his environment, and unconsciously responds to the spirit of the activities about him, translating his people's personality into notes. The music of Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balakeriew, the Russians, instantly proclaim to you the Cossack and the Tartar, the rough, sombre peasant characteristics of Russia. Spanish castanets and sensuous dances speak throughout her composers; Hungary, Poland, France, Italy all have put their dress about the music written in their domains.

But, nevertheless, music is the one universal language. You do not need an interpreter to understand and enjoy any melodies brought you.

Your plays, books, lectures appeal to you first through the intellect. Music is almost solely an appeal to your emotions.

A tender love-scene reaches your heart, a smile of joy reflects itself in your own consciousness. Tears trickling down a maiden's cheeks make kindred tears rise in your own eyes. These elemental actions are characteristic of the effects wrought by music. A combination of some rare harmonies strikes a chord in your vitals and casts a spell over you. Something psychic, nearer to the unknown, is music. Not merely a succession of pleasantly sounding phrases to while away a few moments, but a concoction I veritably believe which exerts an unmistakable change in the person's makeup.

For evidence I ask you to examine the man who says he *hates* music and then the man who not only says he loves music, but shows it in his very manner, when he hears it. The two are utterly different in their looks and their way of living. The lack or presence of music is the cause.

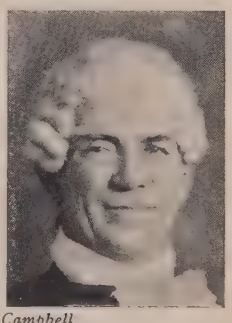
But this is getting into deep water—and perhaps at the beginning of our acquaintance, it were better to stick to the shores. Later we may return to the idea, and show how music might be used to lessen crime, lunacy, and class hatred.

You should have been with me, when in September I rode across the lake in Central Park. The Mayor of the City of New York was in the launch, various representatives of newspapers were included; several millionaires were permitted also to come along. It was night. The lake was lighted with mystic lanterns. About the banks were lined a hundred and fifty thousand men and women. One man, Harry Barnhart, was directing the throng in song. Think of it, all of that mighty crowd were singing, and as they lifted their voices to heaven, I swear that it seemed to me as if they were proclaiming a new Declaration of Independence in which they were *proving* that all men are equal. For its ability to bring all classes together, I am for the community singing idea—for its further ability to open hearts and give expression to pent-up souls, I thank God.

ARE COMPOSERS HUMAN?

THOUGH I am ready to fall in adoration before music—I can only look upon composers as human beings of a very likable order. It has been a delight to me to shock some of my friends in the very highest musical circles, by coupling the two Wagners, Richard and Hans, the composer and the baseball player. I would that both might have met across a convivial dinner-table, where good-fellowship had brought good spirits to the light of day.

Now, it has seemed to me that composers might learn a lesson from baseball players. Mike O'Reilly likes to watch his idol, Matty, because it almost appears as if a member of the family were out there twirling the ball. Familiarity may breed contempt, but silhouetting oneself at a distance puts a halo around one's head.



Campbell

DAVID BISPHAM

If you knew that Richard Wagner one time escaped for his life in an old rickety carriage, it brings you nearer to to him. To think of Beethoven in a little room, stone deaf, recalling memories of a sweetheart who was denied him, wrestling with the problems of life and existence, is to explain in a measure, the music which he handed down to posterity. If you are told that an Italian of romantic disposition was forced to separate from his lover by her rich, noble family, and that she went into a nunnery as a consequence where she died of a broken heart—that the Italian romantic wrote down a "Stabat Mater," which he conducted at her grave, and himself then died—will you not ask for the music to be played? Suppose that just prior to the conductor lifting his baton, he should say to you, "This was written on Berlioz's deathbed," or "When Schubert wrote this composition, he

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI
Poses for Mr. Isaacson

was out in the woods, with a few pennies in his pocket—his sole capital," or "At the first performance of this overture, Lully, the composer, was in his night-cap, raising a particular disturbance with the nobles," or "Mendelssohn was seventeen years old when this was finished"—isn't it a fact that your imagination would set to work and color the music for you?

Unless you are a musician, it is unnecessary for you to analyze the technical difficulties of writing. You hear what you hear—that is enough.

Let us take a brief glimpse at the life of that patron saint of music, Franz Liszt. His career covered a period extending from 1811 to 1886—before Beethoven's death to our own day. He was the greatest pianist, but his ambition was to be remembered as a composer. When he was a mere boy, he appeared in public and so won the admiration of Beethoven that he embraced him in an open concert-hall. No artist of history was so truly a patron of all music. He befriended Richard Wagner, for whom he consistently fought. His last years at Weimar were spent in receiving a large retinue of disciples and pupils, giving encouragement to all who sought his aid. His love-affairs were without end—he was, in every sense, without conventionality. His music is a reflection of his native Hungary—the Rhapsodies Hungroise are, doubtless the most popular concert numbers among pianists eager to show their command of the instrument. The white-haired old man, in the abbe's costume, is, perhaps, the most picturesque figure in modern music.

Of a far different character was the career of Felix Mendelssohn. Born in riches, he seemed to live an enchanted life. Fortune perpetually smiled on him. When he was scarcely out of his swaddling clothes, his genius had its say. His parents were wealthy and gave him everything his heart desired. Great composers and literary figures grew eulogistic of his powers. Music flowed from him, as from a fountain that never grew dry. His most popular melody, "The Spring Song," is indicative of his character and his life. I call him the musician of springtime—care-free, his music seems to be the language of a life that knew no woes nor sorrows.

Composers are human—they were living creatures, I can assure you, and we will learn to know them, in a brief, intimate way. We will go right back to the oldest of them and meet them in their old inns and gardens, in Florence or Rome, Paris or Passy, and, if the censors permit us, to Berlin and Vienna!

BUT AMERICA FIRST

WE would see America first, musically too, if we could. But America is the youngest of musical nations. We are just beginning on our career as composers. Our good MacDowell, whose early death deprived us of so much, is followed by Parker, Carpenter, Farwell, and men like Victor Herbert.

My mind does not easily pass far from Charles Wakefield Cadman—there is a man who will write America some music which will be all her own. I once said to him: "Your Indian music is delicious. It savors of America before our Colonies came to be. But the present wonderful America, what is being done about that? The rush and bustle, the crashing spirit of American enterprise and commerce, why isn't that an inspiration for music? The epic of Lincoln, the breaking of the slaves' shackles, and our struggle for union! A great symphony will some day be written on that story. Beethoven chose Napoleon as the motive of his "Eroica Symphony"—what do you say to a "Lincoln Symphony"?

REINALD WERRENRATH
Another friend of music

Cadman agreed with me. He said: "I have written hundreds of songs and orchestral numbers—but I am just beginning on my career as a musician. You have sensed the opportunities which I am facing—music about Niagara Falls, the Rockies, Broadway, the majesty of American business."

In Cadman is an American who has risen out of the ranks. I am going to tell you more about him, and others like him. They are to be found in many American towns and cities. I am looking for them all the time.

At last the Metropolitan Opera Company is beginning to appreciate the fact that American music is worth an attempted performance. Last season's "Canterbury Pilgrims," while it was by an American, Reginald de Koven, was English in every note. Cadman's new opera, to be produced this season at the Metropolitan, is typically American.

I have watched with interest the work of Claude Warford, an American composer, whose songs are coming to the fore; and I am glad that Bryceson Treharne, the Australian composer, is in this country for good—to be an American citizen. A number of his songs were heard at Louis Graveur's recital. Alan Taffs, about whom more later, is another find among composers.

THE MAGIC OF REPETITION

THE worth-while in music, as well as friends, is estimated by time. Repetition is the enemy of mediocrity and the acid test of strength. A symphony of Beethoven is lovelier for the hundredth hearing than the first; "Aida" thrilled at the Metropolitan opening, with more subtlety than ever before. Mozart wrote some simple little minuets—any amateur may play them with ease. They are ravishing beyond description. You can't play them out, if you try. Repetition makes them sing again in your memory and your dreams.

AMONG THE ARTISTS, BLESS 'EM

IF a composer merely wrote a piece of music, and we had none to interpret, what a loss it would be. The interpreters are, perhaps, more interesting to us than the composers—just as the stage-folk are nearer and dearer than the playwrights.

Just now, the cynosure of all eyes in music is Galli-Curci. She is a woman—in every respect, a lovable, kindly, sincere sort of person. She is Amélita to her husband and her brother, and Madame to the world. A few short months ago she came into America, and to-day she is called the successor to Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti.

I spent my summer in a little place quite near to Madame Galli-Curci, and out in the wild-woods, and up in the mountains, those precious notes sounded for me, and made envious the wild-birds who chirped in response. There is a singer who enjoys her work more than her audience does, and they go mad. You will see her eyes glisten and brighten as she grows into her characters—you will watch the slender body become aroused with her emotions. You will understand why she sings so easily and so beautifully. A native of Milan, she has been before the public but seven years—she packed her duds one day and went to Rome where she was engaged at once. In America her career has been meteoric—but she has many years of activity still before her—she agrees with me that her voice is better to-day than yesterday, and will improve to-morrow, and to-morrow.

Another artist with whom I have been thrown much recently is Arthur Friedheim, the great pianist. He was a pupil of Liszt and one of his greatest friends—he plays to-day as I imagine Liszt himself must have played. In fact, it is recorded how Liszt said of him, "He will be the greatest virtuoso of all time." Friedheim is so quiet and modest—he is silent until he reaches the keyboard and then he speaks with the accents of a Titan.

A great English baritone, Robert Maitland, is now in America. He is a charming fellow with a voice that is so moving, you can't forget it—it's impossible. And that other baritone, David Bispham, how I love him, how kind and good, and friendly to all that means a better musical America. Sing on, David, you are as entertaining to-day as you were thirty years ago! Young Cecil Arden, just added to the Metropolitan Opera Company, comes from the same teacher as brought Sophie Braslau and Alma Gluck to the fore—she is as beautiful as her lovely voice.

WANTED, THE UNKNOWNS

THE genius who languishes alone in a garret—let him come out and present himself. We will not thrust you aside because you have no reputation. Your ability will speak for you, and we will herald it here to the world.

WYNNE PYLE
Pianist

This is what I say to the people. And out of the most unexpected places, new artists of worth have shown themselves. Of them, from month to month, we will say a word or two.

Here is a lad, Willard Osborne, a violinist, pupil of the great Leopold Auer, unable to afford a big dramatic entry into his native country—but a great artist and one who will be heard of in a big way. Madeline Gillier, a little girl, pianist and dancer, musicianly to her finger-tips, peeping out of the crowd and winning a small reputation—she will go on. Evelyn Hamilton, soprano, heard sometime since in the Aborn companies, she has a voice of rare quality. May Gates, a fine violinist from out of the West; Helen Helems, a young violinist of Brooklyn; Edward Bowes, an Englishman with a tenor voice for lyric work—these are some I have met who should be lifted into public life bodily!

THE COMING OF THE POPULAR INSTRUMENTS

THERE were two great events in musical history: the discovery of the musical instrument, mythologically reported to have been made by Pan; and the entry of the two *popular* instruments, the phonograph and player-piano.

If composers and musicians had anything to be glad about, it was the coming of these two great democratizers of music. I have no sympathy with those who still sneer at them.

That the player-piano is absolutely perfect, is no vice. Every pianist seeks that same perfection. It is the absence of interpretation that is lacking—and it seems to me that it is a wonderful thing for a non-musician to be able to sit at the player-piano and supply an interpretation to a ready-made technique.

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With the coming of the phonograph and the player-piano, started the crumbling of the old idea of the exclusiveness of the music-lover. Every home now is a miniature of the whole musical world. A home-opera is a goodly substitute for the living thing; a home concert brings all the artists of the world into one's sitting-room.

I maintain that these two great instruments are revolutionizing the music of the world, and the future generations will thank the present day for building a foundation for musical progress. These instruments are a constant urging to hear the living music; they are perpetually taunting parents with their failure to have their children taught to play piano, violin, or some kind of instrument. They are discovering for the world, the amateur musicians, who might never have realized their ability and hence lost the loveliest of hobbies. They are inspiring composers and artists to do better work. They are furnishing a speaking acquaintance with all America for every singer and player.

We do not, at this minute, realize the significance of our popular instruments—we have been piling up our records and rolls, repeating our home recitals, listening to all this music. The chest will break some day—and out will flow golden rivers of precious music to better the world.

SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE is to be a department meaning just that literally. It is to be a general meeting-place for artists and the lay public. Your queries about anything musical may be directed to the Editor and will receive prompt attention.

You may wish to know what to do with your children in a musical way—what instrument to bring into the house, what music to choose for phonograph or player-piano.

Your community is doubtless ready for a big musical upheaval. Would you like to head a movement to bring more music to your city? Will you undertake to start a musical club that you and your friends may get together and discuss music?

If you think you would like to do something of this sort, THEATRE MAGAZINE will be glad to co-operate with you, to show you how to proceed and how to get the most good out of it. Write to Mr. Isaacson, and he will tell you how he has started similar movements in cities and towns. It will be entertainment for you, and uplifting to your community.

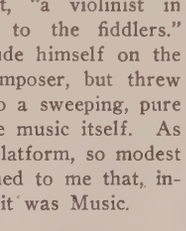
You may find the local talent which ought to be given national prominence. You may come upon a young genius, who ought to be known everywhere. A manuscript of a new symphony, song, or opera may be lying idle for want of an awakening of this sort.

If you would like to make youur neighborhood a hotbed of musical activity, around your home as a pivot—use this department as your aid and your counsellor.

MR. ISAACSON GOES TO THE CONCERT

JASCHA HEIFETZ—A young Russian boy, admitting to nineteen years, came out on the stage of Carnegie Hall, lifted a violin to his chin, and without ostentation or display, made his début to America. Unquestionably he is master of his instrument, a musician of the highest character, a poet under restraint of a mature sense of the fitting. Such purity of tone has not been heard in the memory of the younger concert attendants. That he made it warm for violinists, as Godowsky said, is apparent. I cannot agree with those who, on the inspiration of the moment, instantly sweep aside all the favorites of the day. Kreisler still remains my ideal of violinists, especially because he is more than a violinist. But Heifetz has the right idea. He is, as Joachim might have pointed out, "a violinist in sharp distinction to the fiddlers." He did not obtrude himself on the canvas of the composer, but threw down the gates to a sweeping, pure enunciation of the music itself. As he stood on the platform, so modest and calm, it seemed to me that, instead of Heifetz, it was Music.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.—The superman of pianists was heard in his only New York recital by an overflowing crowd. A little figure, impassive as the Rock of Gibraltar, and as sound in his manner of playing, Godowsky rarely gives vent to his emotions. Is he like some men in love, who are afraid to display their "womanishness"? At this recital, he must have forgotten himself—because he was as tender as a mother with her babe in his playing of his Chopin group. I imagine that Godowsky is at his best when he is all alone in his studio, when he is relieved of the notion that he may be seen weeping.



© Haskell Coffin

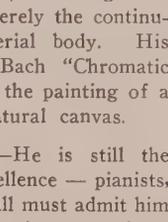
ALAN TAFFS.—As interesting a figure as has appeared in many years in our concert halls. He plays the piano like a magician, and almost frightens one in the peculiar intonations he brings forth. I was not inspired by his own songs, nor his own compositions. But, at the piano, he made me feel that he is with his other self, as though the instrument were merely the continuation of his material body. His rendition of the Bach "Chromatic Fantasia" was like the painting of a mysterious supernatural canvas.

OLIVE KLEIN

FRITZ KREISLER.—He is still the musician par excellence — pianists, violinists, 'cellists, all must admit him the king. He is not the tone painter supreme, nor the technical expert, nor the philosopher. He is the combination of everything which goes to make the ideal musician.

MISCHA LEVITSKI.—A young rising pianist, who knows how to cry and laugh, and how to appear grave and gay. In his music, I mean.

LEON ROTHIER.—It isn't often that we hear a basso in concert, who can bring the limpid voice of Rothier's quality. I thought of a concert I had heard many years ago—I was very small at the time—a soloist on the bass violin. On that tremendous instrument, the musician played a composition of such delicacy that you would have imagined it a violin. One doesn't expect a basso to sing as exquisitely as did Rothier. His recital was well chosen—including old French, Italian, and modern American—even to the pretty things of Mana Zucca.



Hall

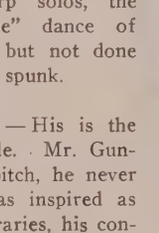
MERY ZENTAY. — A young Hungarian, who plays the violin with a natural ability. With her it does not seem that she is merely playing an instrument, but actually giving voice to a message. It is unfortunate that the necessities of living have caused Miss Zentay to play on other than concert stages, a fact which has been ruinous to her manner. One feels perpetually that she is addressing a cabaret audience, although with the eyes closed, this is instantly dispelled.

Mishkin

FIRST CONCERT OF PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Josef Stransky conducting;—noteworthy for the performance of Hadley's "North, East, West and South" symphony, an American composition that is ambitious to an extreme, and is a lovely conception. Alfred Kastner's harp solos, the "Sacred and Profane" dance of Debussy were poetic, but not done with enough vim and spunk.

FREDERICK GUNSTER. — His is the perfect concert attitude. Mr. Gunster never sings off pitch, he never disappoints. If not as inspired as some of his contemporaries, his concerts always furnish an agreeable afternoon.

MAURICE DAMBOIS. — This 'cellist brings out a tone that is exceptionally rich and sensuous. It is not a large tone, it is ravishing and sweet, almost to cloying. So intensely does Mr. Dambois pay attention to his music, that this in itself is an interesting aspect in his concerts. I think that Mr. Dambois is one of the most unusual 'cellists before our public to-day.



MAURICE DAMBOIS

GUIOMAR NOVAES.—The Brazilian pianist has been made to feel her importance, I am afraid. She has lost that fine quality of being modest before her audience — a quality still in Gabrilowitsch, Schnitzer, Bauer and others of that stamp, I notice. It is a pity and I am sure that Miss Nova will do well to correct her manner before her audience. She plays so feelingly, that the "Turkish March," positively invokes a pictu of advancing and retreating Ott men. Her "Melodie" of Gluc Sgambati was adorable—perhaps sh wasn't feeling well, or maybe h last press notices were too enthusia tically full of praise.

GUIOMAR NOVAE

ANNA CASE. — Someone said th she lifted the lid off the big leag when she gave h recital. She is adorable that it almost impossit to write anythi except in superl tives, and som times in the pa one has been b tween love and duty, but at this, h latest recital, Anna Case, unquestio ably entered the ranks of absolu art. She sang perfectly.

© Ira L. Hill

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK. The big, good-natured contralto always charming. Her voice is li the tone of a great pipe orga Whenever I hear her, I always r member her many years ago Ocean Grove, when all alone at rehearsal, she towered above t crashing chords of that tremendo organ. Her New York recital w unquestionably the most interesti offered by any woman so far t season.

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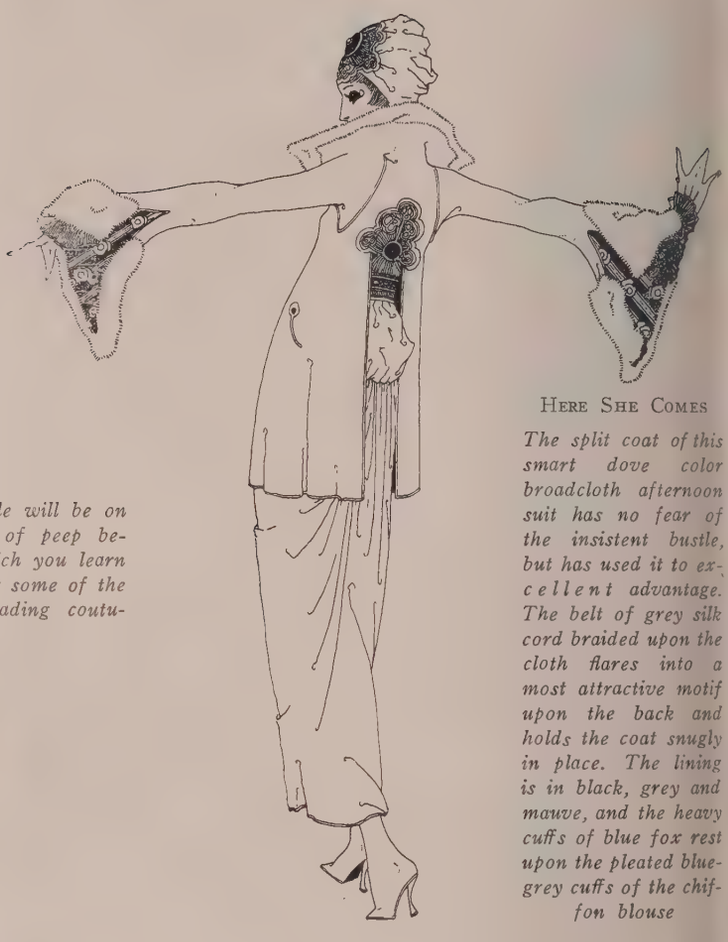
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COLOR

By HOWARD KENNETH GREER

SWEET PARTING

Adorned in this, Milady may feel that she has something in common with the soldier boy, for while he is lacing his leggings, she can busy herself with the lacing of her marine blue velvetine skirt to its jacket. The cuffs and skirt hem are heavy under their weight of white fox. Thru the lacing of silver cord is seen the underdress of patterned blue satin

Mr. Greer's next article will be on "Inspirations," a sort of peep behind the scenes in which you learn "The Reason Why" for some of the originations of the leading coutu-rièrs



HERE SHE COMES

The split coat of this smart dove color broadcloth afternoon suit has no fear of the insistent bustle, but has used it to excellent advantage. The belt of grey silk cord braided upon the cloth flares into a most attractive motif upon the back and holds the coat snugly in place. The lining is in black, grey and mauve, and the heavy cuffs of blue fox rest upon the pleated blue-grey cuffs of the chiffon blouse

'ALF AND 'ALF

Success to the wearer is assured in this emerald green and white satin frock for informal afternoon affairs. The ambitious sash almost outdoes itself by splitting into three fascinating knots. The arms, like old gauntlets, are held in place by bands of skunk, and the bottom of the skirt is a repetition of this effect

IN the novel or the play, the worthy vampire invariably starts upon her path of adventure in an aura of mauve or delicate lavender. She flaunts her pseudo-frailty; she is plaintively appealing and as transparently beautiful as she is exotically fragrant. Her victim, quite unconscious of the orchid's cosmic lure, slides under the first spell of complete submission as he approaches the shimmering waxen petals, they burst into the burning tips of the passion flower.

* * *

The siren's beauty is adorned in sensuous scarlet or treacherous cerise, all that pulsates and thrills, she is to him. The trap closes slowly about him and he is her's to move at her own will. As suddenly she changes again to an orchid, the rarest specie, a perfect blossom, brilliant in robes of emerald green, the fruit of success already turning. And this is followed by an accentuation of the first step in her amazing trickery. She becomes a maze of swirling royal purple, that symbol of lovers' grief—and her own complete triumph.

* * *

But the orchid, romance slain after the first caress of motol adoration, stifles an ethereal yawn, wilts and returns to the maker's dust. In this period directly preceding the reincarnation of another flower life, the adventuress is heartless, soulless and cruel in her creations of clinging black. 'Tis the sombre funeral march to the wretched chords of the monitory victim.

* * *

To the vampire repetition of these steps becomes an involuntary routine, for the conquest would be stripped of its zest were she aware of any system in her work. She acts upon an inborn impulse, and creates the destiny that controls her fate.

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CYNTHIA DARLING

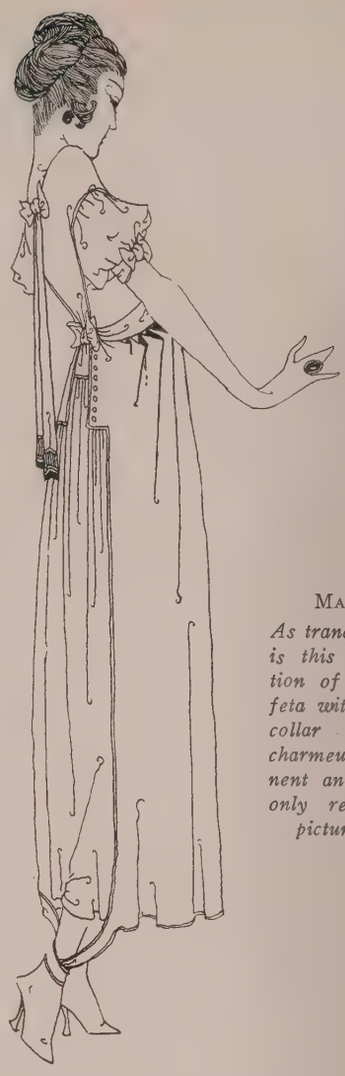
Of the many frocks that Greer has designed for the charming Cynthia Perot of the Palais Royal, this, perhaps, is the most interesting. In black velvet, black net and bands of gleaming jet and diamonds, it is gay despite its sombre hue. The wisp of magenta tulle that falls mysteriously over the eyes, knots at the back of the head and drags upon the floor in laxadaisical fashion

its dressing of polished mauve, but the chair cushions of black helped them retain sobriety

* * *

Upon the black satin curtains and portieres were writhing vermilion branches and dripping clusters of green leaves, combining warmth and friendship with success. The pillows, lamp covers, bell pulls and numerous bric-a-brac were a mad orgy of yellow, orange, vermilion, cerise, scarlet, purple, deep blue, peacock blue, green, gold and silver. the tapestries, and only wall decorations were ordinary scraggly rag rugs, with modern impressions of Hindo-Chinese battle and romance painted in the vibrating tones of the cushions and bric-a-brac. There was an almost Bacchanalic air about the rooms, a spirit of prolonged revivification together with repose and quiet. Always there was harmony in these unique quarters, where even the most blasé people found a moment's keen awakening and appreciation while chatting over their tea and bit of Russian toast.

* * *



MARY'S ANKLE

As tranquil as her moo is this afternoon crea tion of pearl grey taf feta with its girdle an collar of green blu charmeuse. The imperti nent ankle band is th only rebellion in thi picture of serenity

In this extreme and perhaps amusing example we have the psychology of color at its best, but in every phase of existence tones and shades play as vital a part. The wife who drapes her apartment in turkey red merely because she fancies the color, cannot hope for domestic bliss in her household. The woman who gowns herself in peacock blue cannot outlive the vanity and pride that it represents. Like the haughty peacock with its iridescent plumage of the same hue, she will find admirers aplenty, but few will find courage to approach the circle of intimate friendship.

* * *

I went quite often this winter to a most bizarre apartment, planned and decorated by two Western youths, a place fairly ablaze with cosmic horrors, but wisely saved by a sufficient balance of livable pigment. When one stepped into the apartment for the first time the effect was rather like a smart slap between the eyes. Wavering upon the sill, there was occasion to wonder whether it might not be a den of iniquity, or the haunt of a mad modernist. But gradually the vivid spots assimilated into groups against subtler mass.

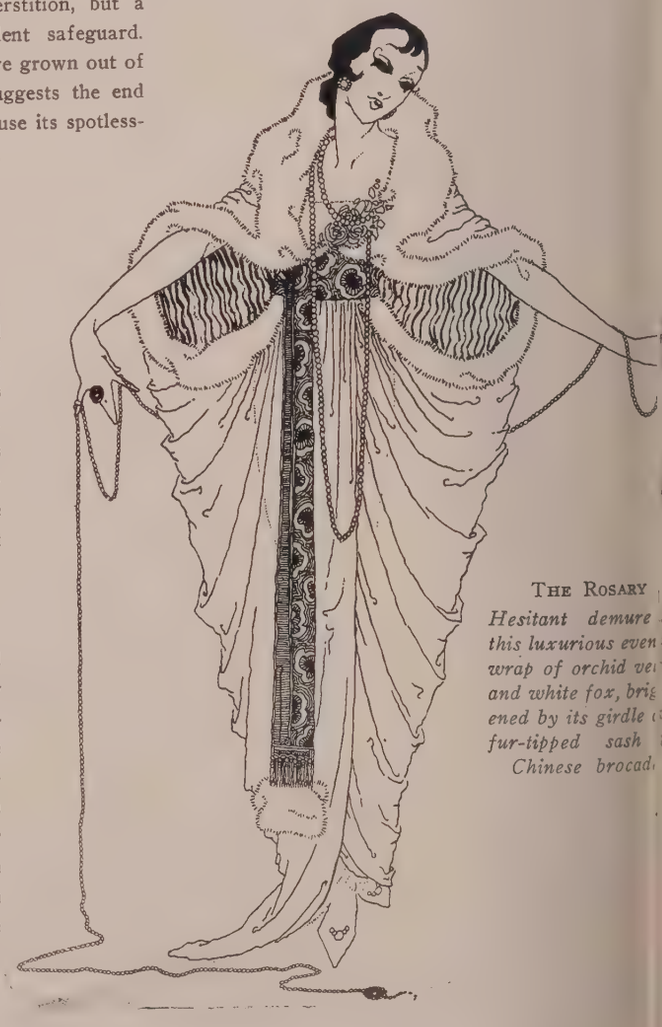
* * *

The walls were correctly hung with grey, the neutral tone that suggests the peace and quiet of autumn days, while the ceilings in palest blue overshadowed all with serenity. The rugs of black velvet substantially upheld the mid-channel of swirling tones. The furniture was fickle in

Carried too far, this psychology of color becomes a maniacal form of superstition, but a modern indulgence is an excellent safeguard. To a great extent our customs have grown out of it. We wear black because it suggests the end of things. We assume white because its spotlessness breathes of purity. The bull, who has no color schooling, inadvertently feels the pressure of brilliant red. Green has become our most comfortable color because nature has accustomed us to its abundance. The bluer and clearer the sky, the more serene the atmosphere. Marine blue is as constant as the ocean's depths. Yellow, the heart of the flame, is the beginning of life and existence, and the warmer reds are the warmth and friendship that emanate from it.

* * *

The application of this casual knowledge is not that one may surround himself with solely fortunate shades, but that the more unfortunate tones may be balanced. We can do no better than follow the example of Mother Nature, and compose our own symphonies as she has done, with never more than a dash of the hazardous or the adventurous.



THE ROSARY

Hesitant demure s this luxurious even wrap of orchid ve and white fox, brig ened by its girdle fur-tipped sash Chinese brocad

Gidding

Importers — *Designers*

5TH AVE. AT 46TH ST.
PARIS — NEW YORK
THE PARIS SHOP OF AMERICA

Holiday Furs
and
Fur Trimmed Apparel
especially featuring
Luxurious Wraps

--RARE PARIS NOVELTIES--

FLINT QUALITY FFF — HORNER SERVICE HHH
FOUNDED 1840 — FOUNDED 1886

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The diversity and extent of our Holiday Exhibit offers "an embarrassment of riches" in the choice of ideal Christmas Gifts, even articles of trivial cost possessing distinct decorative value as well as utility.

In other words, "Flint & Horner Quality" is an assurance of all you desire—a guarantee of Permanency, Attractiveness and years of Satisfying Service.

Our Trademark and Seventy-seven Years' Reputation is your Guarantee for

FLINT & HORNER LOW PRICES
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ORIENTAL AND DOMESTIC RUGS
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1865 — *1917*
Established Over Half Century

FURS FOR XMAS

Useful Gifts of Practical Utility are always Appreciated

COATS : : WRAPS
SCARFS : : MUFFS

In all Desirable Furs
Attractive Models in Great Variety

Cloth Coats—Fur Trimmed or Fur Lined

IN OUR MEN'S DEPARTMENT
We have a splendid assortment of
Men's Fur and Fur-Lined Coats
Cloth Coats, silk lined, with Fur Collar
As well as
Caps, Gloves—Rugs and Robes

C. C. Shayne & Co.

Manufacturers of
Strictly Reliable Furs
126 West 42d Street, New York

ANGELINA AND TOTO GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By ANNE ARCHBALD

FRESH from her morning salt rub and on tip-toe with the joy of living Angelina flew out of her room and clacked merrily down the stairs and into the breakfast-room. Father had already gone

A sweetmeat, or hors d'oeuvres, box of gold and black lacquer with colored china sweetmeat dishes inside, which Angelina found in Ovington's, of such astonishingly reasonable price that she carr ed away three

and Mother was finishing her coffee and a pile of correspondence with a drooping and anxious countenance.

* * *

"Why so wan and pale, fond lover?" sang out Angelina as she slipped into her place.

"Oh, all these committees," answered Mother vaguely, "and Christmas coming on and I haven't bought a present yet."

The newest and most charming idea for camouflaging the telephone, a screen covered with Chinese patterned silk in vivid colors, bound in gilt braid and adorned with Chinese tassels. An origination of McCreery's art department

"Mother, dear, do let me do the presents this year, won't you? All of them," entreated Angelina. "You know how I'd love it, how I love Christmas and shopping . . . ."

"Even for Aunt Carrie, and the twins?" asked Mother, already beginning to revive. Aunt Carrie and the twins were those dreadful relatives no well-bred family is without,—those relatives who already "have everything."

"Even so," answered Angelina.

* * *

And so it was settled after a little more parleying. A certain sum was stipulated within which Angelina must keep; she was to have a week's time, and the aid of the limousine.

From the same siren counter at Gidding's came this high comb of carved ebony traced with fairy-like lines of sparkling jet; and the tiny comb set with brilliants, the Frenchwoman's newest touch for holding the scolding locks at the nape of the neck in place

"I have a beautiful scheme," confided Angelina, in her room upstairs, to the paraqueets in the wicker cage in the window and to Toto, the chow, who had come in to say good-morning. "I shan't take a list and go around trying to fit presents into people. I shall first circle around to all my pet shops, see what is to be had. Then I shall make a return trip and select the number I want. And lastly, when everything has come home I shall sort them out and apportion them. Making Christmas presents 'fit' is such a lottery anyway that it's like what Bernard Shaw says of marriage in 'Misalliance.' If you put a lot of names into a hat and shuffle them about and draw them out in pairs you'll be just as likely to get happy results as if you went at the thing with deliberate intention. Of course, that doesn't mean Mother and Father and Edwin and one or two specials. Toto, darling as I'm to have the limousine to start in this morning you may come, too. We'll begin nearest home, at the top of the Avenue and work down."

So presently Toto found himself in front of Crichton's at Fifty-first Street, waiting eagerly, his black tongue hanging out, for the return of Angelina who had gone inside the shop.

"What fine new quarters!" she exclaimed, smiling to the young Englishman who met her at the door. "You *have* expanded since I was last here. I should like to look around first, please, and see what there is and then I'm coming back later to buy."

But Toto, a half hour later, saw her emerge carrying two packages, which she deposited in the car.

* * *

"They're the darlingest George I. milk jug, and Queen Anne teapot," she exclaimed to Toto. "I was afraid if I didn't snap them up at once somebody else might. The milk jug, the Englishman said, was a copy of a famous one in Lord Ashburnham's collection, and the teapot a copy of the earliest type when tea was first introduced into England. And don't ask me to tell you when *that* was, Toto, though they could at Crichton's. They've mines of information on such things, and, of course, their copies are absolutely authentic, particularly as in so many

A silver milk jug, from Crichton's, which stands on its three legs with such balance and proud dignity because of the assurance that it is an absolutely authentic copy of a distinguished original in the collection of Lord Ashburnham

cases the originals are in their possession. That's the beauty of the place if you want to give a very particular present. I'm sure Aunt Carrie hasn't anything like the milk jug."

Next Toto was gazing at the shopping-early Christmas throng lower down on the Avenue while Angelina went into Gidding's. She got no further than the famous half-moon glass counter that faces the door and Toto felt almost abused that she returned so quickly—the crowd was really quite interesting just then—carrying three packages this time. Angelina answered his sarcastic look of inquiry.

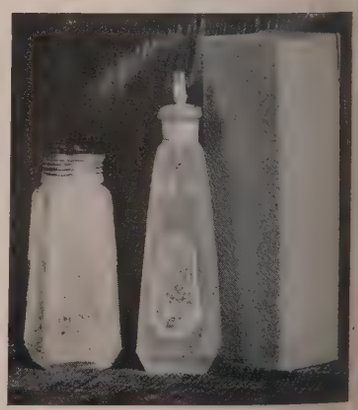
* * *

"Yes, I know I told you that I was going to look first at everything before buying," she apologized. "But I find the scheme doesn't work. And how, I ask you, could I help getting on the spot these two heavenly beaded bags, just over from Paris and this comb of carved ebony sparkling with jet, and the tiny ones sparkling with brilliants to wear in the nape of the neck and take the place of a barrette? Even Aunt Carrie who has everything. . . ."

* * *

But there they were in front of Ovington's and Toto was left alone again to his contemplations.

What a glorious time Angelina had at Ovington's! And what difficulty in deciding whether she should choose the lacquered sweetmeat boxes; or the silver boudoir lamp like a shining silver candlestick, with its colored shade trimmed with silver braid; or the "too cunning for words" bunny lamp to stand among ferns and send a warm glow through its porcelain skin; or the individual glass bottles stoppered with colored glass flowers for holding liqueurs or perfumery; or..... or..... The problem of choosing between a brown lacquered sweetmeat box with fitted blue china dishes, or a black and gold lacquered one, or a brown wicker sweetmeat *basket* with handles, for studio teas or summer porches, was too difficult, so Angelina cut the knot by taking one of each. And as the price was astonishingly low—more



A particularly exquisite violet toilet water and powder from Page, Perfumer, New York

FULPER

POTTERY

PRACTICAL, CHARMING GIFTS

Wonderful color effects, mellow tones, mottled glazes, practical utility—these make Fulper Pottery a happy thought, an individual Christmas gift at moderate cost.

BOWLS AND VASES
For Cut Flowers and Growing Plants
WALL AND MANTEL DECORATIONS
BOOK ENDS AND DOOR STOPS
LUMINARIES
CANDLE AND TWIG STICKS

Sold by Best Shops Everywhere

Write for profusely illustrated portfolio

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FLEMINGTON, N. J.
333 Fourth Avenue, New York
Old Tiffany Studio Bldg.

Medal of Honor—highest award—Panama-Pacific International Exhibition—San Francisco, 1915

Dressing Distinctively On a Modest Income

The Maxon Model Gown Shop offers the woman of moderate means who can wear model sizes, the opportunity to enjoy that same individuality and distinction in dress, so often admired in the costumes of women with far larger incomes.

All our gowns are original models—the choicest examples of the world's leading fashion designers, which have been shown once on dress form to illustrate the latest Parisienne and American styles. They are exquisitely made and reveal all the little details that mark the work of master hands. They are sold to you for just about half their real value.

Many of the best dressed women have discovered in our modest shop, the secret of dressing stylishly yet economically. They now have twice the number of frocks they formerly had each season.

Street, Afternoon and Evening Wear

Prices $15 to $100

Two Gowns for the Usual Price of One.

Fur Trimmed Evening Wraps $59 to $175
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No Catalogs. No Approval Shipments.

Call and see these gowns. You are never urged to buy.

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TO THEIR MAJESTIES
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In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
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A SILVER CUP AND COVER OF SIMPLE DESIGN, STANDING TEN AND ONE-HALF INCHES HIGH MADE IN LONDON IN 1720 BY THOMAS HOLLAND.

THESE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE CUP

INTERESTING pieces of rare old English Silver—the hand-work of the great artificers of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods. Being free of duty, these may be purchased in our New York and Chicago Galleries at London prices. The House makes Reproductions of fine Antique examples in noble designs—single pieces or entire services. The prices are moderate.

All goods purchased of Crichton Bros. are delivered express charges prepaid throughout the United States.

67

Angelina's present for father was a motor rug and motor foot warmer from Altman's, who carried, she knew, a particularly varied and fine assortment of them. Here are two of the rugs and their allies, the fleece lined foot-warmers, for cold days and long spins

reasonable than any place else she'd been—that was entirely permissible. And the same was true of the little silver boudoir lamps, so she took four of those and two bunnies.

* * *

Angelina, in order to do her war-time bit of carrying-small-parcels-home, waited till all these prospective presents were done up and brought out to the limousine, and "I know you're starving by now, poor Toto, so that's all for to-day. But be ready to go with me again to-morrow."

* * *

"To-morrow" the starting point was Altman's. First a motor rug for Father. That was most bewildering picking, there were such heaps and heaps of beautiful ones to choose from, domestic rugs with cloth outsides and velveteen linings, imported rugs in silk plush of wonderful two-toned outsides and insides. Angelina, finally settling on one of the latter kind—black plush exterior and a hunting-pink underside—was blissfully unaware that

An unusual table of oak, of the post-colonial period, that Angelina found at Flint-Horner, intended to stand at the arm of a sofa

her subconscious self had prompted her to the choice as much from the thought of how well she would look wrapped up in it, when Father wasn't using it, as of how warm it was going to keep Father. Personally, if you ask me, I think Father would have preferred one of the heavier variety, say such a fur cloth one as is shown in the picture. But there was no question of the artistic fitness of Angelina's choice.

For those who studio-housekeep, or light-housekeep, or who any-kind-of-housekeep, nothing should be so welcome for a Christmas present as a squad of thermos articles, food jars like the above for keeping food hot or cold, thermos carafes and bottles. Angelina saw these at McCreery's and rushed to put them on her list

"It is far bettet to give than to receive"
—Let your Christmas this year be one of *giving.*

The Fruit Shop

H. HICKS & SON
557 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH STREET
NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED 1863

For Christmas

Violet, Rose, or Wistaria

A gift well worth the giving is this dainty assortment box of toilet requisites, prepared and packed by

Page
Perfumer
New York

C. G. Gunther's Sons

Furriers exclusively for ninety-seven years

Furs

for Christmas Gifts

A large assortment of all the fashionable furs, including

Hudson Bay Sables

made up into Capes, Stoles, and Muffs.

Coats

of Hudson Seal, Mole, Mink, Ermine, etc.

Models that are smart and exclusive.

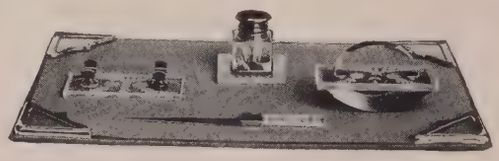
391 Fifth Avenue **New York**

OVINGTON'S

858—A sharp pair of scissors and a bright brass letter opener are these fellow members of a useful library set—to pack themselves so attractively in a leather case. Price only $2.50.

866—Hanging boudoir clock, 16½" long, 24-hour movement. The clock can be had in antique gold, with the flower design in polychrome colors or in white enamel with the flowers in natural colors. Price, $6.00.

882—At $10.00 this richly carved mirror—leaf border and flowered top in antique gold—is a gift suggestion deserving of serious reflection. Finished French plate. Size 13½" x 29½". Price, $10.00.



852—Glass desk sets are becoming more fashionable every day. This one, with its richly engraved flower design, becomes more useful every day, as well. It consists of a pad 12 x 19" with four corners, an inkwell, a pen-holder, a roll blotter and a paper knife. Price, complete, $12.00.

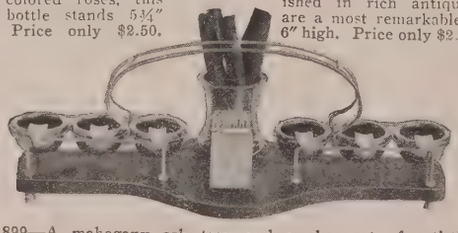
Ovington's first and last, they say at Christmas time. Possibly that is because everybody on Christmas morning comes under one or the other of two classifications: Those who open the most interesting looking packages first and those who save them until last. And a package with Ovington's label is bound to be interesting. Here are eight reasons why.

May we send you a copy of the new Ovington Gift Book

875—This massive Sheffield tray is equipped with engraved glass compartment lining for hors d'oeuvres. The compartment lining, however, can be removed to adapt the tray (14" in diameter) to any purpose. Complete, $10.00.

867—Decorated with a band of black or white with colored roses, this salts bottle stands 5¾" high. Price only $2.50.

847—At only $2.50 these artistic Buddha bookends, finished in rich antique gold are a most remarkable value. 6" high. Price only $2.50 pair.



899—A mahogany ash tray and smoker set of artistic design. The base is of wood with nickel holder for six nickel ash trays with red linings, 1½" dia., match-box holder and cigar or cigarette holder 16" long. $10.00.

312-314 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Father's Christmas gift to Angelina, a set of longed-for furs from the house of Balch Price,—of the unusual combination and distinction of ermine and white fox

And as if some prickings of conscience came through she decided to add to the rug a fleece-lined foot-warmer for the motor, of suéde and fur.

Then she was free to rush to the jewelry counter, and plunge in chains and earrings, chains of pink crystals and silver filigree, of pale sapphire-colored beads and pearls and silver filigree; of silver filigree and jade carved ivory, each with its earrings to match. A ravishing counter, that Altman jewelry counter! No Christmas could be complete without its multiple offerings!

Madame Claudia Muzio of the Metropolitan in a gown designed by Madam Tafel, the couturière for personalities

"Toto, dear, I've left you a long time, haven't I?" Angelina said on her return to the car. "You've been such a good child, though, I shall give you a little promenade to McCreery's to make up for it."

At McCreery's, Toto, under some protest, resumed his post of watchful waiting, and Angelina fared forth to see what she could see. The first thing that struck her eye was a counter of thermos wares on the main floor, thermos carafes or jugs with trays to match in enamel of all colors, pink, blue, yellow, green; thermos bottles of every capacity.

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS GIVING

consists largely in the certainty that the gift and the recipient are adapted to each other. Selecting just the right gift demands time, forethought and discrimination; it should not be deferred until the last moment.

Select your Christmas gift without delay. B. Altman & Co.'s great Store contains hundreds of attractive things that will be sure to appeal.

There is also a very large and interesting assortment of articles especially appropriate for gifts to Army and Navy men.

Mail Order Literature Sent on Request

B. Altman & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE - - - MADISON AVENUE

THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREETS

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Steinway

THE SYMBOL EVERYWHERE OF musical superiority and constructional excellence. Signifying quality that Piano builders look to as the standard of their craft. A name that the greatest musical authorities are proud to have upon the Piano that graces their homes—that tells of that superiority of tone, action and dependability through which the greatest pianists may most fully express their musical interpretation and their genius—the Piano that brings to your home the utmost of musical pleasure, of satisfaction, of pride in ownership.

Sold on monthly payments when so desired.
Old pianos taken in exchange. Inspection invited.

STEINWAY & SONS

STEINWAY HALL

107-109 East 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Station at the Door

Represented by the Foremost Dealers Everywhere

Clysmic—Of Course

Because all the best clubs and hotels are glad to serve you Clysmic—they know it is the aristocrat of sparkling waters.

14 grains of Lithia Salts to the gallon.
Sold everywhere in splits, pints and quarts only.

Don't accept ordinary waters.

Insist on genuine CLYSMIC THE KING OF TABLE WATERS

The Clysmic Springs at WAUKESHA, WIS.

This Gift Will Please Any Man
You'll be sure of giving him just what he wants if you choose the
Boston Garter
in one of our handsome, new Christmas boxes. Any man who receives it will feel that he is greeted by an old friend in holiday dress, because every man who wears garters knows the "Boston." Beautifully colored holiday boxes (different designs) at stores everywhere, or by mail, postpaid. 25c., 35c., 50c.
GEORGE FROST CO. BOSTON

LILLIAN RUSSELL DISCOVERS PERSONALITY IN PERFUME

CLEVER women have long realized that the perfume they use must be suited to their personalities. You may be blonde or brunette, sober or frivolous, credulous or cynical, frigid or warmly affectionate—whatever your temperament you must have a perfume to match.

Just the other day we heard a rumor that Miss Lillian Russell had discovered what she believed to be a "universally individual" perfume—a bouquet so blended that it can express entirely different temperaments with equal success.

That curiosity which is supposed to be so peculiarly feminine instantly laid its compelling finger on me.

My imagination ran riot trying to understand how any perfume could truthfully interpret the various feminine extremes. I decided to let Miss Russell herself explain the enigma.

* * *

I found her busily engaged in the work nearest her heart just now—soldier comforts for our boys in the trenches.

She has devised a new Comfort Kit that has met with the enthusiastic approval of the recipients, as proven by hundreds of letters from camps saying that these are the most practical outfits they have yet received.

It is a big, loose, khaki bag about 26 inches square, and strong enough to carry any and all of the small desirables of the individual soldier. Its main features is a compact assemblage of well-selected usables packed in a square, open-top box, wrapped in its turn in large bandanna handkerchief, and knotted according to the demands of its contents. It contains a small amount of stationery, a metal shaving mirror, comb, toothbrush, package of toilet paper, ball of heavy twine, pipe, Steero cubes, and most valuable of all—a large hunting jack-knife with fine steel blades.

About 3,000 of these have already been sent to our boys on the other side.

"How have you ever found time to think of perfume in the midst of all your war work!" I exclaimed.

"Well, of course," said Miss Russell, "you must realize that although the public is just hearing of my perfume for the first time, it has been a hobby of mine for years. Moreover, I think self-culture is never more important than when the nation demands that both men and women keep their forces at concert pitch. True beauty means health, and health means efficiency. My perfume is just another addition to the preparations I have already perfected to help American women become more beautiful and attractive.

"I wonder if you know that perfumes have a queer chameleon-like trick of seeming different on different people so that a scent charming on one woman may be positively repellent on another.

"That is because the usual perfume is a simple affair suitable only to one or two types.

"It was my good fortune, however, to find a master perfumer who was able to blend the odors of several flowers into a bouquet in which first one scent and then another dominates according to the character of the personality to which it adapts itself. This new perfume which will go to American women under my name might well be characterized as 'universally individual.'"

* * *

Just then I noticed a very dainty little bottle on the table beside Miss Russell. "May I try it?" I asked eagerly.

"Why, of course," said Miss Russell. "I am no longer reserving it for my private use. You will soon be able to buy it at all the better shops. I am anxious to have every woman enjoy it."

I rubbed a very little on the back of my hand and let its fragrance float across my nostrils. It seemed to me as if my own pet flower garden must be right outside the window. "Oh!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "Just the odors I love best."

* * *

Miss Russell laughed delightedly. "That's just what everybody says—but they all guess different flower scents. Each finds dominant in it the fragrance of which she is most fond!"

"I suppose a perfume of such delicacy must fade very quickly," said I.

"Quite the contrary," Miss Russell replied. "In the first place a perfume capable of expressing personality must be made of the purest essences from specially cultivated blossoms. Synthetic essences made in a laboratory lack a rare quality which only nature can supply. Then it must be blended in a secret way known only to a few perfumers so that its fragrance will last. My perfume must be used with the utmost care for a single drop is often sufficient."

* * *

I remarked that Miss Russell herself certainly knew just how to use it to best advantage and was surprised when she said: "I have not used any of the extract this morning. The sweet scent which you notice is from my blouse which has been lying in the drawer with a sachet made from my perfume."

"Do you think most people will appreciate its bouquet?" I asked her.

"I am sure my perfume will make an instant appeal to every person of refinement," replied Miss Russell.

"Its delicate subtleties delight the woman of keen sensibility. She finds in it the individual note lacking in other perfumes—an elusive fragrance which it holds for her alone

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IGINAL
"You know he likes the best"
Plain and Cork

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY
FOOD

FOOD is the most important thing in the world.

It is the basic factor in all human values.

As a man eats, so he is.

As a woman feeds her family, so that family will be, not only physically but in a large degree mentally and morally.

We always have known that we had to eat to live. However, many of us do not yet know what or how to eat to live in the most comfortable and efficient manner. And it is necessary for everyone, including the readers of the *Theatre Magazine*, to know this.

In order that our readers may have the best possible opportunity to inform themselves concerning food values, food needs and food information for the year 1918, we have secured a series of articles on this vital subject from the one man in America best equipped with knowledge and experience to deal with it.

C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

This man is C. Houston Goudiss, publisher of America's leading food magazine, and founder of The School of Modern Cookery.

Because he KNOWS that food is the first factor in all human progress, this exceedingly busy man has consented to prepare a monthly food article for the *Theatre Magazine*.

These articles will deal with fundamental food problems. The series will be scientific but only in that the facts are stated with authority.

Some of the articles will read like romance and all of them will be highly valuable to every person who may not now know that the fate of freedom is more dependent upon food and its proper use than upon any other single phase of man's relation to life.

For many years Mr. Goudiss has made a study of foods. He has followed the major foodstuffs from planting to ultimate consumption at the dinner table. He has visited more centers of food production than any other man in America and today his own magazine is generally regarded as the most interesting and valuable food publication in the world.

"*Who is Hoover* and What is He Doing?" will be the title of the first article in the series Mr. Goudiss will prepare for the *Theatre Magazine*.

This timely and intimate discussion of the most interesting and important individual—besides the President himself—in this country today will not only acquaint the reader with Mr. Hoover's personality, but in a broad and comprehensive manner set forth his achievements to date and deal with his ultimate aims.

It will be the most illuminating of all the articles yet written about the man behind the food that fights for freedom.

In making this announcement, the *Theatre Magazine* wishes only to add this—that in view of present food needs and food prospects for the future, it must be clear to every American that lack of knowledge in this line cannot but lean to a lack of the kind of patriotism that counts.

The whole future of Democracy as well as that of the physical fitness of the human race is dependent upon the what and how and when of our eating.

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BEGINNING IN NEXT MONTH'S
THEATRE MAGAZINE

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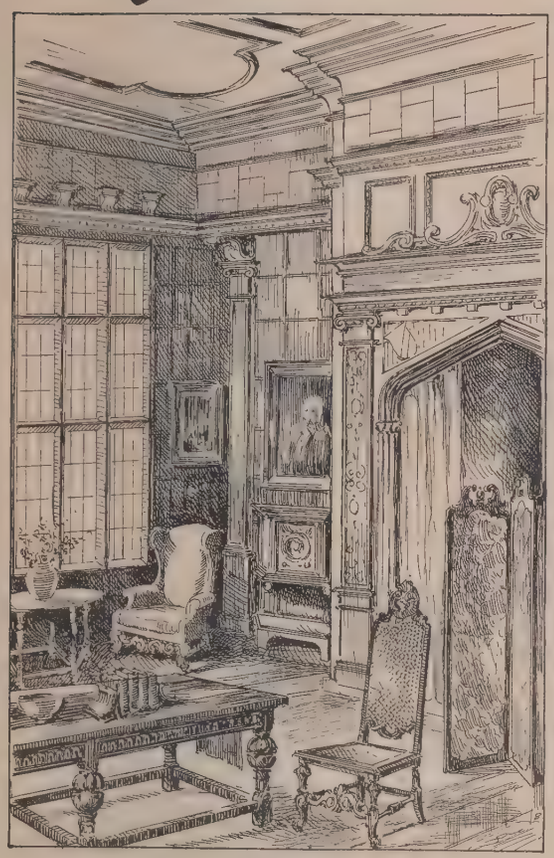

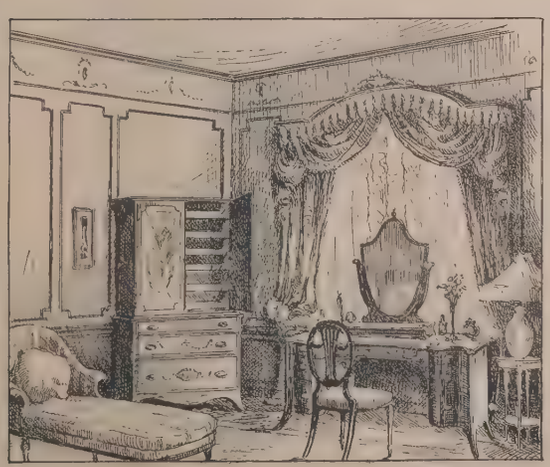

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VICTOR RECORDS

EVERY lover of music will be delighted with the attractive new offerings provided for the holiday season in the December list of Victor Records just issued, and among them will be found numerous sacred numbers of extreme beauty.

John McCormack and Reinald Werrenrath sing "The Crucifix" in duet. This noble work by J. Faure, the author of "The Palms," could have no abler or more reverential interpreters than these two artists.

Handel's immortal oratorio, "The Messiah," furnishes Louise Homer with her Christmas offering, "He Was Despised." The beauty, simplicity and solemnity with which Mme. Homer renders this number can hardly be expressed.

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again," sung by Alma Gluck with a lovely violin obligato by Efrem Zimbalist, will doubtless be a consolation to many whose dear ones have gone to the war.

From Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," that colorful Italian opera so rarely heard, Enrico Caruso sings an aria, in which his wonderful voice is at its zenith.—*Advt.*

SHOULD

Theatre Magazine

FAIL TO REACH YOU ON TIME

DON'T BE IMPATIENT

Many United States Mail employes have been drafted. The mail is being handled by new men and in consequence second-class mail matter is subject to considerable delay. So do not be alarmed if your copy fails to reach you promptly. It will eventually get to you. Don't complain at once—wait a few days.

THE

Theatre Magazine

6 East 39th Street
New York City

COLUMBIA RECORDS

WE'LL Sing Yankee Doodle Under the Linden, With Some Real Live Yankee Pep—And I'm on My Way, by Heck! by Heck!" Here are words that find echo in the hearts of a million and a half of American fighting men, sung with much spirit by Arthur Fields on the December Columbia record, "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There!" This is one of the most typical American war ditties that has yet come out, and it is already famous as the "By Heck" song. Coupled with it is an excellent quartette selection, with much the same theme, "So Long, Mother."

The big song hit, "Joan of Arc," is found, set to fox-trot rhythm, in the new Columbia dance number, "Mr. Jazz Himself," played by Prince's Band, and introducing, in addition to "Joan of Arc," such popular strains as those of "Whose Little Heart Are You Breaking Now," and "I'm All Bound Round with the Mason-Dixon Line." Coupled with it is "Pork and Beans," a fox-trot played by Earl Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra, and containing all the pep and zip that the Fuller Jazz orchestra is famed for.—*Advt.*

FOR HER CHRISTMAS

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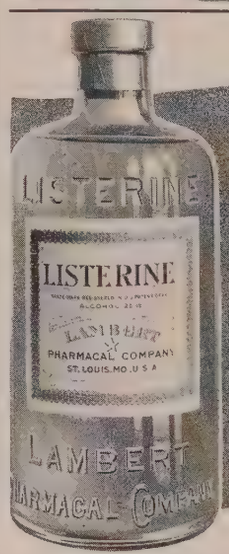

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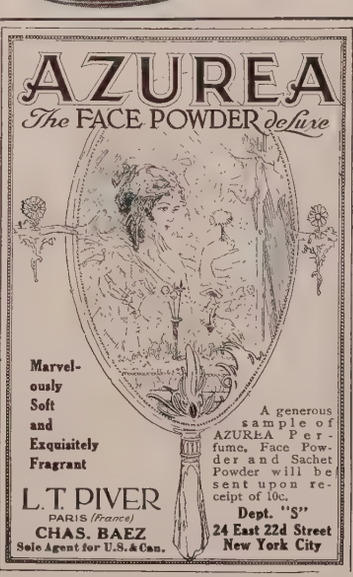

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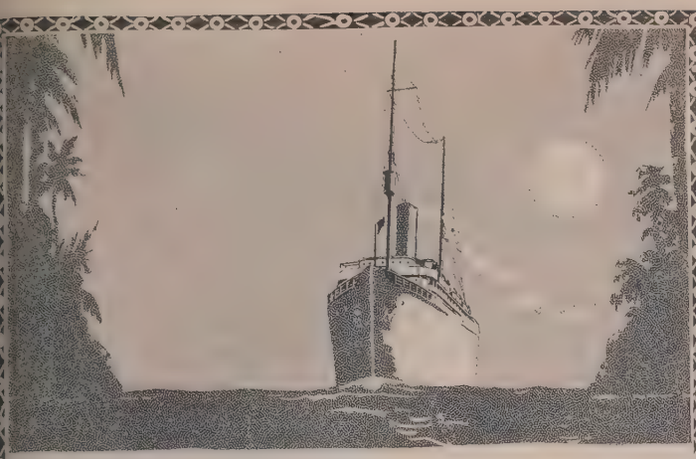

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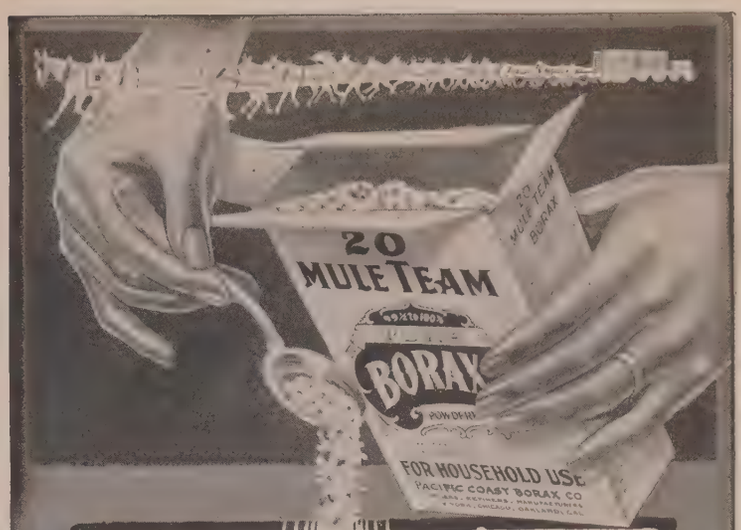

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For the Bath

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"MOTION PICTURE SECTION"
Page 393

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NEWLIN HAINES COMPANY

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

(*Continued from page* 340)

Goldsmith and his brilliant young disciple Richard Brinsley Sheridan —I devoured them all—and Dion Boucicault too,—together with every French and German comedy I could find.

My next chance to support Mr. Jefferson came a season or two later, when I was so far promoted in my profession as to be cast for leading juvenile rôles in the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore.

It was during the next season that I became a leading man—in my twenty-third year—at McVickar's theatre in Chicago. Here I had the pleasure of supporting many famous stars, an experience that was a veritable school of acting to the young actor of that day, and a similar experience gave relish to a season in Cleveland where I was leading man at good old John Ellsler's Academy. Here I supported Edwin Forrest, Edwin Adams, Frank Mayo and Mrs. D. P. Bowers, returning to Chicago to act with Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson—most beautiful actress of all time—Barry Sullivan and other classic players.

DEARLY remembered as a feature of my second Chicago engagement was the appearance of that super-actor Edwin Booth, who followed Salvini after the Italian tragedian had made a profound impression upon critics and public as Othello.

I had the honor of appearing as Cassio to the Othello of this production, and rarely have I been so thrilled as with the acting, fiery and stately by turns of Mr. Booth. His art electrified the enormous audience, and for the moment Salvini was forgotten.

From McVickar's theatre, I moved to Hooley's for a season and thence migrated to San Francisco, then the capital, if I may say so, of the American stage. It was from San Francisco that New York had already borrowed John McCullough, Frank Mayo, Charles R. Thorne (whose father was manager of the old American Theatre in the Golden Gate metropolis), Lawrence Barrett, Lotta, and numberless other lights of the stage.

In California I played a variety of rôles culminating in the beautiful part of the Christus in the Passion Play as brought from Ober-Ammergau and produced in San Francisco by Salmi Morse. But transplanted from its home in the Tyrol the Passion Play was stark blasphemy to American audiences and I was imprisoned and fined after turbulent and sensational scenes around the theatre.

Of course after such a setback, I firmly believed myself at the end of all success as an actor. Instead I was facing the beginning of the most progressive experience of my whole professional life. For I was presently engaged to share leading rôles with that peerless actor Charles R. Thorne at the Union Square Theatre. Here I played in "The Two Orphans," with Kate Claxton and Kitty Blanchard, in "The Danicheffs," and with Clara Morris in "Miss Multon" and in numerous other favorites. Later I appeared for two years in "Led Astray" and after that realized the strong ambition of my youth and appeared in a round of classical rôles including Hamlet, Othello, Virginius, Richard III., Romeo, Shylock and other rôles.

THEN followed Edmund Dantes, the hero of "Monte Cristo." That rôle and the adroit management of John Stetson confirmed my claim to a place in the stellar firmament, and I don't know how many times I appeared in that play. It was May, 1883, when "Monte Cristo" was produced at Booth's Theatre in New York, and for years I was identified with the rôle.

Since then I have played in "The Manxman," in "Brigadier Gerard," in "The Three Musketeers," and in a revival of "Virginius." With Miss Viola Allen in "The White Sister," I created the rôle of Monsigneur Saracascinesca, and with that admirable actress continued for some time under the management of George C. Tyler who also engaged me for the rôle of Jacob and Pharoah in "Joseph and His Brethren." This was in 1913-14.

Since then I have enjoyed the fine privilege of playing the rôle of the father of the "Wanderer," in the sumptuous Biblical poem-drama of that name.

STEPPING STONES

(*Continued from page* 368)

"Crane wants me for revival of 'Henrietta.'

"May I accept?

"Georgie Drew Barrymore."

"Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore,

"San Francisco, Cal.

"No.

"Charles Frohman."

"Mr. Charles Frohman,

"Empire Theatre,

"New York.

"Oh—

"Georgie Drew Barrymore."

AMONG my experiences under Mr. Palmer's management, I value very highly the opportunity he gave me of playing in the support of E. S. Willard; not so much for the work I did as for the fact that during the period I played with him, I grew to know very intimately that beautiful and gifted woman—Miss Maxine Elliott—who was also in the company. Our salaries were small, but I liked to remember that mine was five dollars more than hers. Three weeks of our season together were played in Chicago, and Miss Elliott and I stopped with that widely-known and well-loved Scotch woman, Mrs. Stewart, in Wabash Avenue. Some day someone will write a history of Mrs. Stewart's boarding house, and it will be one of the most delightful volumes of the history of the American stage.

AMERICAN WRITERS OF PATRIOTIC SONGS

(*Continued from page* 358)

Dunn was a boy, too young for miltary service; he saw the men of Hartford, his birthplace, entrain for service in the Spanish-American War. And he wanted to go, this boy. Terribly he wanted to go—as the boy in his song wants to. In 1913, when the Vera Cruz incident set every man in the navy afire to go to Mexico, the song, so he says, "got itself written." He added a second verse, putting the words in the second generation's mouth, to carry out his thought that American patriotism is no sporadic thing, but a deep, burning fire, flaming out alike in old and young.

Now his song is whistled and sung —not only on the *Granite State*, but as the men go to transports, to the great battleships—out into the "somewhere" world. Nora Bayes and Grace La Rue both gladly consented to sing it, and the young author is on the road to a fame which seems to be most pleasing to him in that it means a new way to serve his country. There is no sham about this young man—the U. S. Navy has never been a good school for poseurs—and no pretense about his deep and intense admiration: first, for his American country; secondly, for the American sailor.

"Over There," Mr. George Cohan's latest and most marked success, is, perhaps, the most successful of the popular songs that have thus far grown out of this war. There hangs about it the silver halo of a reputed quarter of a million dollars, its earnings for the author. But nowadays it may be, one thinks a little less about such stories.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA says: The Stars and Stripes and Adams Black Jack Forever. I like the licorice flavor very much. Very good for a cough, I find.

John Philip Sousa

THE CENTURY STANDS AS A WATCH TOWER AMID THE PROCESSION OF GREAT EVENTS

THE CENTURY has viewed the comings and goings of presidents and kings, of premiers and parties, and each month has given to its readers a sane and clear interpretation of events. It never loses its view-point or perspective because it is not the reflection of a single personality but the work of many of the broadest and best-informed minds in the world. From the very beginning of the present war, THE CENTURY'S articles on international politics, its reviews of different phases of the struggle, its stories and sidelights on the human and intimate side, have given to its readers a most complete and understandable review of the period.

The Century for 1918

During the coming year THE CENTURY'S interpretation of world events will be even more complete. In Russia, it will have four celebrated writers, including Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, whose previous articles in THE CENTURY have been notable for clearness and insight. In France, it will have Major Eric Fisher Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant Harry A. Franck, U. S. A., Herbert Adams Gibbons and others. Arthur Bullard, Fortier Jones, W. K. Ratcliffe, and Arthur Gleason are among the writers who will contribute fresh and timely observations. Dr. David Jane Hill will continue his sane and scholarly surveys of the wider currents of international affairs.

The World Is Not All War

We can never completely engage the thought of all. War cannot completely drown the creative spirit in art and literature. Even in the trenches, artists are drawing, poets are singing and writers are creating new tales. THE CENTURY is a complete magazine. THE CENTURY continues to give the finest in modern fiction, both of novels and short stories. THE CENTURY never fails to have inspiring pictures and verse of real merit.

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MORE OPERA FOR NEW YORK

IN an interview, appearing recently in an important publication, with Pierre V. R. Key, music critic for the New York *World*, Mr. Key declared that New York City has finally become the first centre in music—a position toward which it has long been moving but, until hostilities abroad began, was never attained.

Among the many elements specified in his interview, Mr. Key dwelt particularly upon the quality and extent of the operatic campaign to be carried out in 1917-1918; a campaign of greater magnitude than any New York has known in years and one of notable significance because there will be two distinguished organizations in the field instead of the one usually encountered.

"This season," said Mr. Key, "there will be more opera than New York has had since the Metropolitan paid Oscar Hammerstein more than a million dollars to retire from the field. Cleofonte Campanini will bring the Chicago Opera Company here for the first extended season. It will spend four weeks commencing January 22, 1918, at the Lexington Theatre, Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue, which Oscar Hammerstein built for operatic purposes, but which he was not able to carry out. The list of artists includes the sensational soprano success of last year, Amelita Galli-Curci, Rosa Raisa, Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, Genevieve Vix, Marthé Chenal, and other stars."

Although many Americans do not yet appreciate that nowhere in the world is there to be found finer opera than obtained in their own country, it is a fact indisputable. This form of music, because it appeals simultaneously to ear and eye, has always been more popular than any other. More readily grasped and understood when offered in such approximate affection as by both the Metropolitan and Chicago companies, it is likely to make a more vital impression than ever this season in America—due to the direct competition which these two organizations are to experience.

IN the days when Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company held sway in West Thirty-fourth Street, New York attained the pinnacle of operatic achievement.

Those acquainted with conditions during the five never-to-be-forgotten years of the Manhattan will not forget the part played in them by Cleofonte Campanini. Without taking from Oscar Hammerstein any of the credit he deserves for the exceptional operatic accomplishments of the Manhattan, it is fitting to remind the public that the man whose vision was ever clear, whose gifts and personality exerted untold effect upon the results attained, was Cleofonte Campanini.

Within a few weeks New York is to again have Mr. Campanini in its midst. More than that, the organization he is to bring from the West is in large measure the same one which so often roused discriminating audiences to spontaneous enthusiasm. In many respects, even, experts regard the Chicago Opera Company more evenly-balanced than was the old Manhattan; a company which was benefited through the steady strengthening of its various departments until,—after ten years of such upbuilding—it is now generally recognized to be a well-nigh perfect operatic machine; an institution with traditions back of it, and successfully challenging comparison with any other in the world.

It has been no slight task which General Director Campanini has performed. His public has demanded illustrious singing stars; new operas of the first rank; settings and costumes to match, and an ensemble virtually free from the minutest flaw. That Mr. Campanini has been able to provide these essentials is evidenced in the constantly growing patronage accorded his efforts; a patronage which now appears to have placed the Chicago Opera Company on the firm financial foundations its sponsors have sought.

© *Matzene*

CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI

General Director Chicago Opera Company

PRONOUNCED the best equipped organization that ever gave French opera, its development under the Campanini guidance has been with the aim to bring the Italian portion of its achievements up to a mark corresponding. As a consequence, New York will find the Chicago Opera Company of to-day more interesting, even, than when it presided in its original state in the Manhattan and, later, gave Tuesday evening presentations in the Metropolitan Opera House itself.

To crown it all the choice of the new Lexington Theatre for its New York performances appears to have been exceptionally fortunate. For here is an auditorium ideal in size, perfect acoustically—as was demonstrated a year ago when the Boston-National Opera Company appeared there—and equipped with a stage second to none for the presentations of such large and elaborate settings as those used by the Campanini organization.

That operatic New York regards with favor the first lengthy visit of this company would seem unquestioned in the subscription sale of boxes and seats—subscriptions that will bring together New York's smartest folk, and all the rest necessary to forming the "fourth dimension" and without which no opera presentation can be deemed complete.

Striking as were the Hammerstein-Campanini casts in the Manhattan days, and interesting though the repertoire, there appears in the first extended Chicago opera season in New York a quality and a variety lkely to surpass the old records, which the public will always recall."

FIRST, there is to be the New York début of the much-discussed Galli-Curci—the one artist of supreme distinction who has made an overwhelming American success without having first secured the approval of the New York music critics and public.

Acclaimed throughout the country, in cities where she has thus far appeared, as the greatest coloratura soprano who has come to America in years, she has been accorded a place by experts with the prime donne whose names will remain indelible upon the pages of musical history.

Lucien Muratore, the French tenor, is another Chicago Opera artist whose several New York appearances in opera have left an impression not to be forgotten. An actor of distinction, Muratore is a tenor of the true French school, and his Faust, Don Jose in "Carmen," Des Greux in "Manon" and other rôles have invited a recognition such as is accorded only those whose artistic position is of the highest.

Melba, still an incomparable artist, whose voice retains its beauty and freshness, will undoubtedly be heard and seen in the rôle of Marguerite in "Faust" a character which will always be identified as almost exclusively her personal property.

Two newcomers whom the New York public will welcome because of European prestige are Genevieve Vix, soprano idol of the Paris Opera and Madrid's, and Marthé Chenal—another Parisian artist, and pronounced one of the most beautiful women in Europe. It was Chenal whom Oscar Hammerstein engaged for his proposed Lexington Theatre season which was restrained by an injunction from the courts. Both Vix and Chenal will appear in such operas as "Thais," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, "Louise," "Pelleas et Melisande," "Aphrodite," "Sapho," "Cléopatre" and "Carmen."

In Rosa Raisa Mr. Campanini is said to have secured a dramatic soprano of the first water. Young, with a voice such as has not been heard in this land in many a long day, she will have the title rôle in "Aida," and first soprano parts in "Les Huguenots," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and others of similar mould.

A tenor whose voice and style are said to be the nearest to the late Italo Campanini of any Italian who came after him, Giulio Crimi is likely to find favor among New York audiences who admire smoothness and finish and virility. This artist will be the principal tenor in Mascagni's "Isabeau" when it is given by the Chicago Company at the Lexington.

THE baritone Riccardo Stracciari, considered in Italy to be the peer of Ruffo and Galeffi, may be counted upon to give an excellent account of himself in "Rigoletto," "I'Pagliacci" and similar operas; while Vanni Marcoux and George Baklanoff are two baritones whose achievements are already sufficiently well known in New York to command recognition when they sing.

(*Concluded on page* 412)

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 352)

NOWADAYS a programme presented by the Washington Square Players is measured in value by the best that has gone before. "Blind Alleys," which opens the present bill, is an earnest study on the peril of intolerant convention, a theme involving the passage of time conveyed by ingenious and appealing lighting effects. It was ably presented, especially by Katharine Cornell as Mrs. Darrell, whose breadth of vision would have prevented a tragedy, had attention only been paid to her warnings. Her long speeches were delivered with much variety and conviction.

"The Avenue" a skit of metropolitan life, presented in front of a brilliantly lighted shop window from which the manikins later philosophize on what has happened on the other side of the plate glass, was cynically bright and diverting. The gem of the evening was "In the Zone," a sea tale by Eugene O'Neill, a writer who knows his subject and is able to present it with a grim, gripping reality worthy of a Kipling. It is a play of suspense in which one of the occupants of the fo'castle of a tramp steamer is suspected of harboring a bomb. Acted with true distinction by eight male members of the company, its vital suggestion was finely realized, especially by Robert Strange, as a particularly suspicious sailor.

In conclusion was acted a delightful comedy, from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente, entitled "His Widow's Husband" distinct with Andalusian color and punctuated with a wit closely allied to the Gaelic. Helen Westley was particularly happy in bringing into relief its salient qualities. Casalonga needed more vim and verve than Frederick Roland was able to give it.

GLOBE. "JACK O' LANTERN." Musical extravaganza in two acts by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on October 16, with this cast:

Jack o' Lantern	Fred Stone
Paul	Douglas Stevenson
Henry Tripp	Chas. T. Aldrich
Bobbie	Harold West
Uncle George	Oscar Ragland
Vilanessa	Allene Crater
Cicely	Helen Falconer
Lady of Dreams	Margaret Irving
Zingarella	Teresa Valerio
Babby	Kathleen Robinson
Janet	Edna Bates
Polly	Bunny Wendell

THE most successful writers for the stage to-day are going back to children's stories or fairy lore for inspiration. While based on classics of the nursery, "Jack O' Lantern" will please old and young.

It gives that wonderful artist, Fred Stone, a chance to exhibit his many talents. As an acrobat, a skater or a dancer he is equally amusing, and his performance makes the whole show bubble. Without him in the cast, it would be rather dull entertainment. The production is up to the standard set by Charles Dillingham.

WINTER GARDEN. "DOING OUR BIT." In two acts and sixteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Herman Timberg. Produced on October 18, with this cast:

Sally Farnsbee	Chilson-Ohrman
Bud Travers	Frank Carter
Sylvia Farnsbee	Sylvia Jason
The Clergyman	Andrew Harper
Dr. Jim	James J. Corbett
Annabelle Lee	Ada Lewis
John Lee	Charles Judels
Grace Stevens	Vivian Duncan
Lillian Stevens	Rosetta Duncan
Olive Warren	Leah Norah
Frank	Frank Tinney
Edwin Nicols	Ed Wynn
Willie	Herman Timberg
Mr. Egyptian	James Clemons
Miss Glide	Babe Dakin

IF we say that "Doing Our Bit" is a typical Winter Garden show we are stating the exact facts. That is to say it is the usual big girl show, gorgeously dressed, the main interest being a few good comedy situations, giving opportunity to the individual performers. Frank Tinney and Jim Corbett scored. The Duncan Sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, also made one of the hits of the evening with their Old Fashioned Girls number.

The Winter Garden is certainly doing its bit to entertain the t. b. m.

MANHATTAN. "CHU CHIN CHOW." A musical tale by Oscar Asche, set to music by Frederick Norton. Produced on October 22, with this cast:

Abu Hasan	Tyrone Power
Khuzymah	Albert Moore
Musab	Robert Lee Hill
Kasim Baba	Albert Howson
Alcolom	Kate Condon
Abdullah	Francis J. Boyle
Marjanah	Tessa Kosta
Zahrat-Al-Kulub	Florence Reed
Ali Baba	Henry Dixey
Mabubah	Lucy Beaumont
Nur-Al-Hoda	George Rasely
Bostan	Matty Thomas
Mukbill	Frank McCormack
Zatel-Demaki	Ida Mulle
A Dancer	Katherine Galanta
The Woman in Green	Harda Daube
The Stranger	Gordon Staples
The Fortune Teller	Olive Prosser
The Son of the Bean Seller	George Bell
The Lady	Josephine Emory
The Husband	Robert Lee Hill
The Lover	Lester Sweyd
Baba Mustafa	Felice de Gregorio
Otbah	Richie Ling

OUT of the many productions of the early season "Chu Chin Chow" at least stands out as a great success—not so much on account of its literary qualities—the story after all being nothing more than the Arabian Night narrative, "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves,"—but for the wonderful spectacular production. None finer has ever been seen in New York, and to the accompaniment of a delightful score, it makes an entertainment worth while. After seeing it here, one can easily understand its phenomenal London run.

Tyrone Power, Florence Reed and Henry E. Dixey in the leading rôles gave noteworthy performances.

THE TRIALS OF AN IMPRESARIO

(*Continued from page* 362)

the country has been to give my public perfect performances. In the endless quest for fresh talent I have discovered exceptional young singers, orchestra conductors, stage managers, and after they have been with me several seasons I find them engaged by the Metropolitan Opera Company. It is gratifying at least to have one's judgment approved in this fashion by so responsible an authority—as hard as it may be to lose capable service. I carry an orchestra of about fifty men and seek to guard its welfare equally as well as that of the principals and chorus. There is no feature of grand opera more important than the chorus, where, by the way, it often happens on tour some member reveals exceptional talent. There have been many instances where good artists have been discovered in the ranks.

Since touring opera companies are scarce the competition which the Boston Grand Opera Company has encountered has had little bearing upon its fortunes. The run of these companies as a class has hindered rather than helped the cause of grand opera. In observing their performances I have seen disheartening exhibitions which makes me wonder that audiences can be attracted to opera even of the highest types. To label these barn-storming companies grand opera is to mislead the public and gradually destroy its love for musical art-drama.

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MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

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SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

To be seen on the screen under the direction of Herbert Brenon in Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

and discovers

That Francis X. Bushman is not as popular as he was

That for the past six months the average Metro picture was far below the standard of former pictures

That the Universal have apparently forgotten how to make a good picture

That the Vitagraph have restrained Anita Stewart by means of an injunction from leaving their employ

That this is poor business because Anita Stewart will probably be an unwilling performer—probable result bad pictures

That the average exhibitor of motion pictures is making money on the War Tax

That "Sunshine Alley" with Mae Marsh, Goldwyn's fifth picture, is no more an artistic success than the other four

That in emptying a trunk both sexes invariably throw the contents on the floor.

That the average producer gives the public no credit for memory

That he shows flashbacks of a scene, particularly, deaths, weddings and births immediately after the scene itself has been shown

That the average picture is padded so much and with such little judgment that the average audience gets restless

That the average picture ends with a title such as "When the Clouds Rolled By," "Later On," "When Sunshine Lifts the Veil," "Happier Days," and the like.

STRAND. "The Little Princess," with Mary Pickford.

Artcraft Pictures Corporation present Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. "The Little Princess" is the usual Pickford story, cleverly directed, and bringing forth those charms of the star we all want most to see. As Sara Crewe, Mary Pickford is given opportunities of depicting humor and pathos in even quantities in a delightful story into which is cleverly woven a fairy tale of "The Forty Thieves." "The Little Princess" should prove equally as popular as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

* * *

RIALTO. "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," with Elsie Ferguson.

Elsie Ferguson's second picture, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," is adapted from the novel by Mary S. Watts, and directed by Maurice Tourneur. It is the natural thing to compare "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" to Elsie Ferguson's first picture "Barbary Sheep." The comparison is a difficult one to make, inasmuch as the splendor of "Barbary Sheep" and the very ordinary production given to "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" are confusing to a degree. The stories, too, are absolutely unalike. After seeing both, I come to the conclusion that while "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" gives Elsie Ferguson a greater opportunity of displaying her histrionic ability, "Barbary Sheep" is the story far better suited to her.

* * *

STRAND. "The Belgian," with Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant. Sidney Olcott Players, Incorporated, present "The Belgian," by Frederic Arnold Kummer, personally directed by Sidney Olcott, and with Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant in the title rôles. The story is laid in Belgium and France, and is woven around two simple fisher folk, through whose veins, however, run the red blood of patriotism. The action takes place prior to the outbreak of the war, and extends through the period which follows the Kaiser's path into Belgium, exposing to the world the mysteries of the German Secret Service. So much for the story, which has in it nothing unusual to recommend it to the theatregoer. Any performer other than Mr. Whiteside could have played the part assigned him. The same may be said of Miss Grant. Recalling Walker Whiteside's excellent work in "The Melting Pot," "The Belgian" is a sad disappointment.

* * *

81ST STREET. "The Cold Deck," with William S. Hart.

"The Cold Deck" was written by J. C. Hawkes and directed by Thomas H. Ince. The photography is well worth mentioning and Joe August is responsible for it.

"The Cold Deck" is the regulation William S. Hart picture combining romance, gambling, etc., all unravelled in a Western setting. There are plenty of thrills, the story is an interesting one, and the picture is well produced. The audience seemed to enjoy every moment of it.

* * *

RIALTO. "The Clever Mrs. Carfax," with Julian Eltinge.

"The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is Julian Eltinge's second picture, and I liked it even better than "Countess Charming." Mr. Eltinge has taken to the screen as a duck takes to water, and his transposition of male to female and vice versa is exceedingly well done in a natural, unaffected manner that is sure to win him an enviable position among our screen favorites.

"The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is a story with a twist. It holds the interest up to the last moment. An excellent supporting cast has been provided, and with the addition of capable direction, "The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is a sure fire hit.

* * *

NEW YORK THEATRE. "Secret of the Storm Country," with Norma Talmadge.

"Secret of the Storm Country" is a Select feature starring Nora Talmadge as an ignorant child, daughter of an ex-convict. There is lots of heart interest in the adventures of the little girl—a rôle portrayed well by the star and withal a human one.

There are some beautiful exterior scenes which help along to make this picture an entertaining one.

THE 81ST. THEATRE. "The Mad Lover," with Robert Warwick.

"The Mad Lover" was produced by Harry Rapf and is released by Pathé. It is a credit to neither. As a rule Mr. Warwick's productions have proved box-office attractions. "The Mad Lover" is an inane foolish story for a man of Warwick's type. Although lavishly produced and splendidly photographed and with the addition of a splendid supporting cast, it still falls far short of the mark. Elaine Hammerstein plays opposite to Mr. Warwick and her work is commendable. With this single exception "The Mad Lover" is purposeless entertainment.

* * *

BROADWAY THEATRE. "The Winged Mystery," with Franklyn Farnum. As far as I am concerned "The Winged Mystery" will remain a mystery to me. Of all the poor pictures the Universal have turned out, "The Winged Mystery" wins by many lengths. The picture runs mostly to sub-titles and a plot as thin as the roast beef they serve at the Astor Hotel. Franklyn Farnum is more to be pitied than scorned, for surely Franklyn had little to do with the choice of story. A house party—the Merrick Road and carrier pigeons are mixed into a kind of pot-pourri. The result of which was to turn the Broadway Theatre into a restful place where one could sleep peacefully for the balance of the day.

Photo Hartsook

Horkheimer Brothers' new star, Anita King

LITTLE MOTHER OF THE MOVIES

"On my trip across the continent I met so many girls who confided to me the things they said they could not tell their mothers, that I was seriously impressed with the urgent need of these youngsters," said Anita King, the new Horkheimer-Mutual star.

"These girls could not tell their own mothers, because they thought they would not understand. I talked to them and advised them to confide in their mothers. Some of the girls said their homes were made miserable for them. These unfortunate children are too often misunderstood at home as well as elsewhere. There were country girls who had actually been watching along the road for me for days. They thought they could talk to me because I could understand. They were stage struck. They were tired of home restrictions. They were wild to get away. They thought I would take them back to California with me. It was the same wherever I went.

"They were all crazy to get into 'the movies.' In spite of all my warnings and my counsel a great number of these pretty but unsophisticated young girls came to California from all over the country trying to get into pictures. Of course nearly all had failed. Frequently they became delinquent, and terrible conditions prevailed among them. Some were even placed in jail. It was these poor little tykes that I made an effort to help. In frequent cases it had been hunger that had driven them to take the step aside. They were such pitiful youngsters that my heart bled for them. I thought of them as little sisters of mine and my sympathy enabled me to win them back. Conditions are better now and there are few cases of delinquency."

Those who desire to see Fanny Ward in pictures must in the future look under the Pathé banner

Ray & Gordon Dooley, vaudeville comedians of fame, have been added to the ranks of motion picture players, and will be seen in comedies produced by Fun-Arts Films, Inc.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

The famous moving picture star said to be the only person, man or woman, to own her own producing company outright. She has no partners, in fact does not even operate as a company or corporation, but produces pictures individually, under the management of Harry I. Garson. Her income is estimated at more than a half-million dollars yearly.

EIGHT CHRISTMASES IN MOTION PICTURES

TEN years ago on Christmas Eve a young man stood in Union Square South and looked across the street. The tardy Christmas shopper who stopped to turn his head in the direction of the young man's gaze saw, on the other side of the street,

ADOLPH ZUKOR
President Famous Players-Lasky

a line of yellow incandescent lights half circling the arch of a small store doorway and just inside, a row of upright slot machines—the sort you used to drop a penny in to see "The Wonders of the Orient."

Seventeen years before that time he had first set foot in America, a boy sixteen years old. The succeeding years were marvelous ones to the lad from Hungary. Step by step he had lifted himself from poverty to a position in the world, to become the associate of amusement kings, the owner of a chain of arcade shows in New York and eastern cities. And now as he gazed, he saw the end of that magic day of penny amusement and his eye caught the flicker of a film. In that Christmas-tide was born his faith in motion pictures, a faith that grows and grows just as the photoplay has grown so wonderfully—but a faith that is always just a step or two ahead,—the faith of Adolph Zukor.

Nine years ago on Christmas Eve, Adolph Zukor looked into the past. The penny arcade had passed away and in its stead there was the "store" shows of the picture-plays, a big chain of which he owned with Marcus Loew.

The year had been a banner one. The public thronged into the little auditoriums to see the comedy chase, the wild Western cowboys, the drama of the mountains and the "b'gosh" theatricals on the screen. Gone were the days of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "No Mother to Guide Her" of the speaking stage. Blue Jean's saw-mill was forever hushed and trooping on the white screen sheet came all the melodrama, all the villainies, all the banalities, all the murders, all the "virtue is its own reward" school of drama of the good old Lincoln J. Carter days.

Eight years ago on Christmas Eve, Adolph Zukor entertained a doubt as a Yuletide guest. It was just a little doubt, frail, unassertive, an object of disdain to all but him. It came unbidden and remained a year until it grew so big that it spoiled the Christmas tree of the movie magnate seven years ago.

That doubt was based on the utter mediocrity of the picture plays then being made and shown. At this time the majority of motion picture theatres were "store" shows, charging an admission of five cents. Even today in the smaller towns the picture theatres are usually called "nickel shows" no matter what the price. The one or two features that had before this period been imported from Europe had been presented in opera houses throughout the country but the picture theatre by itself was being swamped with such a poor quality of films that the public was being driven from the amusement. Though no one knew it then, there was grave danger of the death of the business on that Christmas seven years ago.

Adolph Zukor's doubt was that the business could long survive if the public was continually fed with such indigestible, cheap, adulterated one-and two-reel films. It took a year for him to learn that he was alone with his doubt, a year of earnest appeals to picture producers to improve their offerings, a year that brought no answer from the men behind the films. They were content with their lot. They knew what the public wanted. They had grown careless with stupendous and facile success brought by the great army of photoplay fans which had rallied to the call of cheap and interesting amusement. They had lost their regard for standard or their desire for merit. The influence of competition was negligible; their faith in the artistic future of the business was small. Then it was that the more intelligent patrons of photoplay theatres, tiring of the same themes, the same actors (most of them incapable failures from the legitimate stage) and the same photographic effects repeated an appalling number of times, were deserting the new amusement and returning in substantial numbers to the spoken drama, vaudeville and books. The times needed a man whose ideals for better pictures could be backed by business sagacity and that amount of genius which comes from taking pains.

On Christmas Eve six years ago such a man gave the picture producers a Christmas-present they didn't want. It was the ultimatum that has long been famous in the picture world—that if the producers of the celluloid drama did not give him better pictures, he would make them himself. It was considerable Christmas-present to hand to the producers—that ultimatum, but Adolph Zukor stuck to his gift and in that moment the feature-play of motion pictures was born.

Mr. Zukor approached several Broadway managers with his idea of presenting the big stars of the legitimate drama in their various stage successes on the screen. His idea was scoffed at by the very men now following in his lead. But he did not lose courage and finally after a great deal of persuasion from this young picture exhibitor, Daniel Frohman's co-operation was obtained. Thus the Famous Players Film Company came into being, born of that Christmas-present of Adolph Zukor's only half a dozen years ago.

But it was not until an attempt was made to engage even one of the important stars of the stage that the new company realized the real attitude of the better legitimate artists toward the despised motion picture. In rapid succession seven of the most popular and reputable stars of the American stage indignantly refused to appear on the screen, explaining that such a mad course would be artistic suicide. It was then that Mr. Zukor was convinced that in order to break down the barriers of prejudice felt by the foremost exponents of the spoken drama toward the younger art, it would be necessary to secure the services of the one player who was recognized internationally as the leader of her profession—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Accordingly, a messenger was sent abroad to interview the Divine Sarah on this delicate subject, and finally, upon the assurance that her appearance on the screen would perpetuate her art for posterity, and the payment of $30,000, she consented to act before the camera in an adaptation of her current success, "Queen Elizabeth." When Mme. Bernhardt saw the filmy shadow of herself progressing through the stirring scenes of her great drama, she exclaimed, "I have put the best of me in pickle for all time!"

Mme. Bernhardt's appearance in motion pictures had the desired effect, and after "Queen Elizabeth" was presented, it was a comparatively simple task to induce James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske and James O'Neill to appear in screen adaptations of their greatest stage successes respectively: "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "The Count of Monte Carlo." By this time the tide had turned, and the stage star and play on the screen were accepted as the greatest advance in the entire history of motion pictures. The great popularity of this innovation induced the Famous Players to produce thirty-six features a year—the first feature program ever presented.

Five years ago at Christmas-time Adolph Zukor sat in a theatre just outside New York and saw a young girl play Juliet. It wasn't the Juliet of the balcony but the Juliet of "A Good Little Devil" and the girl who played the part was Mary Pickford. Here was a girl who was not a famous player. A few years before she had appeared as a tiny tot in "The Warrens of Virginia" but her theatrical experience from then until Christmas, 1912, was confined to the films, under the tutelage of a master director, David Griffith.

But to Adolph Zukor, as he

(*Continued on page 400*)

The remains of the Twenty-sixth Street Famous Players' Studio

A glimpse of the present Famous Players' Studio

Go to the theatre that shows Petrova Pictures!

Madame Petrova is now "on tour."

Not in person, but in personally-produced Petrova Pictures.

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The foremost theatre in your town will show Petrova Pictures

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Look for the sign that distinguishes these films from all others—Petrova Pictures

The Spirit of '76 as displayed in 1917, a feature of Uncle Sam's photoplay to boom the second Liberty Loan. Billie Burke, Clarence Harvey and Charles Thorne make up the trio

A scene from Ira M. Lowry's "For the Freedom of the World" by Captain Edwin Bower Hesser. The lucky man in the center is E. K. Lincoln

This scene is an indescribable "Olla Podrida" wherein the 71st Regiment goes "over the top" for William Fox in his picture version of "Les Miserables"

Herbert Brenon
presents

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson
in the

Passing of the Third Floor Back

Jerome K. Jerome's famous drama carries a singular message of cheer, hope and sympathy. To a dingy and drab boarding house in the sordid section of London, comes a stranger. The house, peopled with unhappy souls fighting against circumstances, is beset with misunderstanding and rancor. Before the sad smile of the stranger, the bitterness and strife disappear. Kindliness and love come out of the chaos of trouble. Then the mysterious passer by goes on his way once more.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's splendidly drawn portrayal of the stranger, replete with a fine spirituality, stands in the gallery of great stage creations of the last decade. His playing marks one of the bigger things of the silent drama.

Herbert Brenon

Personally Directs

BRENON PRODUCTIONS HB

EIGHT CHRISTMASES IN MOTION PICTURES

(Continued from page 397)

watched the sweet blind girl of Belasco's fairy play, there came the certainty that all the famous players of the stage could never surpass in popularity that personality known as Mary Pickford, if properly directed and exploited. So Mary Pickford who was not a famous player became a Famous Player and the sweetheart of the world, because Adolph Zukor sat in an out-of-town theatre at Christmas-time five years ago. Mr. Zukor repeated his experience two years later almost to a day when he first saw "Prunella" at the Little Theatre. Here, however, he found a player already famous, and straightway he engaged her to become more famous than she had ever dreamed. Her name is Marguerite Clark.

At Christmas-time four years ago Adolph Zukor knew he was facing another test—this time the life struggle of the picture feature. It was then that the first program of features was nearing completion. These productions had been sold to Famous Players exchanges throughout the country, created for the sole purpose of distributing these subjects, at a flat annual price. Mr. Zukor, as well as the exchange men, had realized long before this that the exchanges were making far more money with his productions than the Famous Players Film Company itself. Such sensationally successful productions as "Hearts Adrift," "Tess of the Storm Country," and "In the Bishop's Carriage" starring Mary Pickford; "An American Citizen," starring John Barrymore; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," starring Mrs. Fiske, had made genuine fortunes for the exchanges, which had paid an absurdly disproportionate sum for them.

The fact impressed Mr. Zukor that it was illogical and unjust that the exchanges should make so much more from these productions than the producers, who assumed all the risks and all the heartbreaking anxieties incidental to the creation of any artistic product, plus even the far greater financial investment in the form of studio equipment, rights to plays and novels, costumes, etc., as against the investment of the exchanges, which was limited primarily merely to offices. He realized, however, with commendable fairness, that it would not be right, after the exchanges had taken the Famous Players product for a year and had proven their commercial value, to discard them and book his productions through his own offices.

He wished also for a more flexible plan of distribution that would enable the producer to invest in each production a sum commensurate with the artistic requirements of the subject and not limited to the flat prices which were then in vogue. He therefore determined upon the phase of a relation between producer and distributor which has since become the standard for the whole film industry, a system by which both factors shared in the profits of each production more closely in proportion to their respective investments.

And so, by the time another Christmas had come again, was formed the combination of the Famous Players Company with the very successful Jesse L. Lasky Company, the Morosco Company and the Pallas Company, all of the Western Coast and all four of which sent their pictures to the waiting world through a distributing organization now world-famed as Paramount.

On Christmas Day, two years ago, Adolph Zukor looked at what was once the Famous Players studio in Twenty-sixth Street. It was a heap of ashes, the result of a fire that destroyed nearly a million dollars' worth of negative and positive film, including a $75,000 production of "The Foundling" taken on the West Coast with Mary Pickford as star. Tapestries, paintings, furniture—much of it from the Frohman estate—cameras, properties, lights, scenes, library, records, laboratory, had all gone up in smoke. The Eastern property of the Famous Players Company was a wreck. But the activity of the big company never paused to catch its breath. It had grown beyond the possibility of any fire to stop it.

The studio taken by Famous Players after the fire

Last year at Christmas, the man who stood on Union Square ten years ago and gazed into the future, sat in his palatial offices on Fifth Avenue and kept on looking ahead. He saw the time at hand when the producing company newly formed for the exploitation of Mary Pickford pictures should be a part of Famous Players—Lasky. He saw the time when Paramount and Artcraft, the two enormous companies, should be the foundation head of the fifth biggest business in the world. He saw the time when the biggest names of all film history should be bound up in one big organization, Famous Players—Lasky Corporation under the two banners of Paramount and Artcraft. And Christmas time today, it has all come true.

Mary had two little Russian wolfhounds. Those desiring to see them in action must spend at least fifteen cents to see Mary in her latest Artcraft picture, "The Little Princess"

Photo Bangs

Miss Ann Murdock, waiting at the window—just what for will be revealed in one of the Charles Frohman successes in motion pictures, produced by the Empire All-Star Corporation

One of the many attractive scenes in "A Rich Man's Plaything," staged by Carl Harbaugh for William Fox and presenting Valeska Suratt in the title rôle

Mary Pickford

appears exclusively in

Artcraft Pictures

It is impossible to print anything in this space about Mary Pickford that has not already been said, and written and printed ten thousand times.

She *is* America's sweetheart!

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

TRADE MARK
ARTCRAFT PICTURES

UNWINDING THE REEL

Herbert Brenon's great celluloid transcript of the dawn of Muscovite freedom, "The Fall of the Romanoffs," is an imposing and important collection of genuine "atmosphere." Its assembling and collection represented many weeks of labor and the thought and the study behind this labor was the product of months of research.

First of all, we see a Siberian village in the most distant province of the Empire. The peculiar architecture of the low, squat houses, built for terrible winters and short, sharp summers, is carefully reproduced. The village vodka shop is done to the life; so is the portrayal of the village types, and finally, the grotesque punishments inflicted for theft and minor crimes.

There is a dramatic leap from Siberia to Petrograd, for the jump is from the thatched hut of a peasant cobbler to the winter palace of the Romanoffs, the luxurious dwelling of the oppressors of all the Russians.

Then follows, in bewildering succession, a great panorama of scenes in a monastery in the Caucasus; all the apartments of the Czar and Czarina reproduced with fidelity in every detail; the orgies of Rasputin, the "Sacred Devil of Russia," who surrounded himself with beautiful and aristocratic women over whom he exercised a Svengali-like charm; scenes of home life in the Ural mountains, and the lakes and woodlands of Southern Russia, with the beautiful lights and shadow of a North Europe autumn tinting the black and white picture like genuine pastel shadings upon a canvas.

Nor is beauty the only thing which has been called forth by the Brenon picture. A great deal of splendid and stirring reality is put forth. Among the facsimiles is a veritable replica of the Duma, erected at a cost of $30,000, and a thrilling scene in which a traitor to Russian arms flies across the lines into Germany and back in a genuine Sikorsky biplane, the great war-bird of Russia.

The front of the Winter Palace is reproduced, and so are the Nevsky Prospect, the stirring street scenes attendant upon the actual revolution in the capital, and the stupendous festival—unquestionably the most dramatic spectacle since the feast of Belshazzar—in the greatest hall in Petrograd, arranged solely for the trapping and the assassination of Rasputin, the Empire's arch-demon.

But most unique of all is the veritable reconstruction of the Imperial railway train which bore the Czar on his final journey from Petrograd to the summer palace at Tzarkoe-Seloe, where the final scenes of dominion were staged. This remarkable "corridor-palace," a glittering train built like a house or a ship upon the lumbering, broad-gauge Russian railways, is seen actually traveling through the South Russian forests, and from the great plate windows of the Imperial apartment one catches flying glimpses of the country passing forever from the rule of the weary passenger who sits in the foreground like Napoleon on his way to St. Helena.

* * *

Three of the Mutual subsidiary and allied corporations have declared important dividends and stock redemptions involving large sums and profits paid over to stockholders in the John Freuler enterprises. These companies include the Lone Star Corporation which produced the Mutual-Chaplin comedies, the Lincoln Film Corporation which financed the production of the Helen Holmes' serial, "The Lass of the Lumberlands," and the States Film Corporation which made the Helen Holmes' serial, "The Girl and the Game."

* * *

An announcement from Walter E. Greene, President of Artcraft Pictures, states that the next Geraldine Farrar photoplay will be released in December. Cecil B. De Mille and Jeanie Macpherson, director and author of other Farrar subjects including "The Woman God Forgot" and "Joan the Woman" are responsible for the new picture which is entitled, "The Devil Stone." The scenario is adapted from the story by Beatrice De Mille and Leighton Osmun and has for its theme superstition. Wallace Reid again appears opposite the star and other prominent players in the cast are Hobart Bosworth, Tully Marshall, James Neill, Raymond Hatton, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Ernest Joy, Mabel Van Buren, Lillian Leighton and Burwell Hamrick.

* * *

Molly Pearson, the delightful Scotch heroine of "Bunty Pulls the String," is to make her screen début with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

Miss Pearson was born and educated in Scotland. She obtained her first theatrical position with the Ben Greet Players, and subsequently toured England, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and India. Miss Pearson came to this country with Olga Nethersole's company.

* * *

Children will see the latest toy inventions by watching the doll-player picture, "The Dream Doll," an Essanay production.

An entire toy store was "borrowed" for the picture, including a toy passenger elevator, a regular limousine-type toy automobile and all manner of dolls.

THE RIVOLI MOST PALATIAL OF PICTURE PLAYHOUSES

DURING the past few months the crowds which throng Broadway have been observing with lively interest the classic facade of the new playhouse which is approaching completion just about Forty-ninth Street. Its stately fluted columns and a broad triangular pediment filled with sculptured

© Campbell
S. L. ROTHAPFEL
Managing Director of the Rivoli and Rialto Theatres

figures that recall the Parthenon at Athens make the structure the most imposing of its sort which has ever adorned the Great White Way. Its unusual exterior seems to promise something extraordinary within and there is ample reason to believe that the promise will be fulfilled, for the theatre is to be opened during the holidays under the personal direction of S. L. Rothapfel, creator and managing director of The Rialto, New York's aristocratic "Temple of the Motion Picture."

People have come to expect the unusual of Rothapfel. When he opened The Rialto a little over a year and a half ago, its beauty of interior, its luxurious appointments, its novel lighting system, and its huge orchestra proved a revelation to New York theatregoers. To many it seemed that the limit had been reached in pretentious presentation of motion pictures with music, but the man who conceived and developed that type of entertainment knew better. The Rialto, beautiful though it is, was to him a rebuilt theatre—not one built to order, and he went right ahead with his dreams of a playhouse which would embody his own ideas from the outset. The Rivoli, as the new theatre has been christened, will be the realization of those dreams, a perfect home for the form of amusement which has come to be known as "The Rothapfel Idea."

In point of comfort, luxury of appointments, perfection of equipment, and beauty of lighting effects, The Rivoli promises to surpass anything New York has even seen. Every detail of decoration and equipment, even down to such things as stationery and the buttons on the ushers' uniforms, is being carried out according to a specific artistic plan. Such innovations of programme and scenic effects as Mr. Rothapfel has in mind he is keeping closely to himself, experience having taught him that to announce things of that sort prematurely often means to have the idea appropriated and offered to the public in a half-baked form that lessens its value when it is properly presented later on.

The programmes at The Rivoli will consist of the same basic units that go to make up The Rialto programmes at present, but they will be handled in more elaborate fashion and with a more comprehensive co-ordination of singer, picture and orchestra. More soloists will be employed than The Rialto uses at present and there will be in addition a chorus of twenty-five voices.

So far as music is concerned, interest in the new house centres largely around the orchestra. Mr. Rothapfel announces that it will consist of approximately sixty musicians, under the general direction of Hugo Riesenfeld, though except on special occasions Dr. Riesenfeld will continue to conduct the orchestra at The Rialto. Unusual interest has been stimulated by the announcement that once each week the orchestras of The Rialto and The Rivoli will be combined in what is to be known as The Rothapfel Symphony Orchestra of one hundred or more pieces, which will render a popular symphony concert in the new theatre. Such an orchestra as this, with which he can give the masses the highest type of music at the lowest possible prices, has been one of Rothapfel's pet dreams for many years. He has been doing something of the sort with his Saturday morning concerts at The Rialto, but nothing to compare with the possibilities offered by an organization of a hundred pieces.

The new theatre was named after the fascinating Rue de Rivoli in Paris, the street which may be said to connect The Louvre, France's home of pictorial art, with The Opera, her home of Music. The combination of pictures and music which The Rivoli will present makes this selection of a name singularly appropriate. There is additional significance in the fact that the Rue de Rivoli is one of the smartest, gayest and most fashionable gathering places in the world.

The seating capacity of The Rivoli will be approximately 2,500. It is being built for G. M. Heckscher, Jr., by Russell B. Smith and R. H. Hall, who built The Rialto. Architecturally the building will introduce several new ideas in theatre construction, particularly with reference to the expeditious handling of large crowds. When it is borne in mind that the average weekly attendance at The Rialto ranges between sixty and seventy thousand people and that the attendance at The Rivoli is expected to be proportionately greater, the importance of properly arranged stairways and exits becomes quite apparent. The lobby of The Rivoli will be more commodious than that at The Rialto and there will be spacious lounging rooms and retiring rooms to take care of the patrons once they are inside the theatre. It is Mr. Rothapfel's idea, in this connection, to make his new house a sort of club which shall serve both as a place of amusement and a pleasant rendezvous for lovers of things musical and artistic.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the new theatre will be its elaborate system of illumination in color. The results obtained with the illuminating system at The Rialto are well known. In The Rivoli Mr. Rothapfel will carry that idea still further and by a complicated system of concealed sources of light will be able to convert the place into a blue theatre, a green theatre, or whatever delicate shade of color best suits the spirit of the particular portion of the programme.

UNWINDING THE REEL

The Screen Club held its sixth annual ball at the Hotel Astor on Saturday night, November 17th. The entire film world participated and voted the evening's entertainment a huge success.

* * *

Edison will soon release "The Three Things," a war story from the book of the same name, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. The war scenes are being made with the co-operation of Uncle Sam's Marines at Quantico, Va., and elsewhere, and will show the marines under realistic fighting conditions.

* * *

The latest producer of motion pictures is the United States Government. The Mayor's Committee on National Defense is distributing the films in New York. Statistics presented by G. Osgood Andrews, manager of the Government Films Service for the Mayor's Committee, show that many churches, clubs, and social organizations have arranged to display the pictures. The five reels now ready for presentation portray life in three branches of National Service. "1917 Recruit" pictures the work of making soldiers for the National Army out of the raw material provided by the selective draft, "United States Navy Submarines" and "Torpedo Flotilla" show scenes aboard war vessels and the working of under-sea boats. "Soldiers of the Sea" is an exposition of the business of being in the Marine Corps, and "Ready for the Fight" describes trench warfare, sham battles, and the other training which the men undergo before service in France. These pictures are to date the only official Government films. They were taken by camera men employed by the Division of Films of the Committee of Public Information. These men were afforded special opportunities to take special views of the nation's many war activities.

* * *

Arthur Jacobs Photo Plays have purchased the film rights to Max Marcin's "The House of Glass." It is said that the sum of $25,000 was paid for the rights. At the present writing, no star has been decided upon.

* * *

Walter W. Irwin has resigned as American Cinema Commissioner to Russia. A disagreement with Chairman George Creel is the reason given.

* * *

The organization of the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation has been completed. Raymond Pawley, treasurer of Paramount under Mr. Hodkinson, and of the Triangle Distributing Company, is vice-president and treasurer of the new company. The Hodkinson Corporation will distribute Paralta pictures.

Alice Joyce has renewed her agreement with the Vitagraph Company. Her latest picture is entitled "The Fettered Woman."

* * *

Charlie Chaplin has acquired the McClellan estate in Hollywood, Calif., and will erect a studio there, the cost of which is said to be $100,000.

* * *

"Little Red Riding Hood," with a cast of three hundred children is to be screened by the Wholesome Features Corporation.

* * *

Florence Reed's latest picture is entitled "The Struggle Everlasting," produced by Harry Rapf, and directed by James Kirkwood.

* * *

Ogden Pictures Corporation announces as their next feature for Lillian Walker, "The Grain of Dust."

HORKHEIMER BROTHERS

Foremost Independent Photoplay Producers in the World

"THE HOUSE OF SERIALS"

To our credit stand Six Big Serial Successes
"WHO PAYS?"
"NEAL OF THE NAVY"
"THE RED CIRCLE"
"THE GRIP OF EVIL"
"THE NEGLECTED WIFE" and
"WHO IS 'NUMBER ONE'?"
This last being released by **Paramount**
And MORE COMING

BALBOA

"THE PICTURES BEAUTIFUL"

Five-Reel HORKHEIMER Features released by Pathé, Mutual, General Film, World, and other leading agencies are

EQUAL TO THE BEST

"BIG STARS ONLY"

H. M. HORKHEIMER
President and General Manager

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

The BALBOA Studio, now four years old, occupies a unique place in the film industry, because it has never sold any stock and is built entirely out of profits from its productions. Nineteen-seventeen has been the best year in BALBOA'S history; but watch us in Nineteen-eighteen, for our motto is

"GROW AND ADVANCE"

The BALBOA Amusement Producing Company
Studio and General Offices: LONG BEACH, CAL.
New York Headquarters: 1600 Broadway
H. N. HOLDE, Eastern Representative

E. D. HORKHEIMER
Secretary and Treasurer

UNWINDING THE REEL

John Emerson and Anita Loos, director and scenario writer for Douglas Fairbanks, are at present making arrangements in six different cities of the United States, stretching from coast to coast, for the production of the next film. Douglas is at present appearing in "D'Artagnan of Kansas" at Grand Canyon, Arizona, under the direction of Allan Dwan and upon completion of this story will start work on the new Emerson-Loos production for Artcraft pictures.

Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos are visiting the various cities in which the film will be staged and are at the same time looking for ideas for new stories. They are not seeking scripts but merely basic ideas for novel pictures. In Chicago they paid a man $300 for a few lines written on the back of an envelope which suggested a story along original lines.

* * *

Tsuru Aoki, the Japanese actress starring in Essanay's "The Curse of Iku," probably has the most wonderful collection of Japanese silk kimonos of any woman in America, or, for that matter, perhaps in the entire world. She has more than 300 garments in the collection. She does not know the exact number herself. They are all very expensive with wonderful hand embroidery. Some of them are relics, being styles worn years and years ago and since abandoned. Miss Aoki got the collection through numerous trips to Japan. When she sees an attractive kimono she always buys it.

* * *

Fifteen thousand Four-Minute-Men who, with the co-operation of moving picture exhibitors, have been delivering minute talks on vital topics of the War, have received the following letter of praise from President Wilson:

His letter reads:

"May I not express my very real interest in the vigirous and intelligent work your organization is doing in connection with the Committee on Public Information. It is surely a matter worthy of sincere appreciation that a body of thoughtful citizens, with the hearty co-operation of the managers of Moving Picture theatres, are engaged in the presentation and discussion of the purposes and measures of these critical days.

"Men and nations are at their worst or at their best in any great struggle. The spoken word may light the fires of passion and unreason, or it may inspire the highest action and noblest sacrifice of a nation of freemen.

"Upon you, Four-Minute Men, who are charged with a special duty and enjoy a special privilege in the command of your audiences, will rest in a considerable degree, the task of arousing and informing the great body of our people so that when the record of these days is completed we shall read page for page with the deeds of Army and Navy the story of unity, the spirit of sacrifice, unceasing labors, the high courage of men and women at home who held unbroken the inner lines.

"My best wishes and continuing interests are with you in your work as part of the Reserve Officers' Corps in a nation thrice armed, because through your efforts it knows better the justice of its cause and the value of what it defends."

"Cordially and sincerely yours,

"WOODROW WILSON."

* * *

William Sherrill of the Frohman Amusement Corporation announces that he has started work upon a new super-feature, entitled "The Birth of a Race."

* * *

Mother Mary Maurice of the Vitagraph celebrated her seventy-third birthday in conjunction with James Morrison who claims the same day, with a difference, however, of considerable years. This is Mother Maurice's fiftieth year in professional work.

* * *

The Edison Company announces that James Montgomery Flagg will personally appear in a series of one-reel social satires, which will be released under the title "Girls You Know"—types of attractive Americans. The productions will be handled as Perfection Pictures by the George Kleine Exchanges.

* * *

William Farnum is taking what he considers a well-earned vacation at Sag Harbor. Recently Farnum has made "When a Man Sees Red," "The Conqueror" and "The Heart of a Lion," which will be released in a few weeks.

* * *

The leading Universal Serial, entitled "The Mystery Ship," an adventure story featuring Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber, will be made up of eighteen episodes. President Carl Laemmle says that he believes this to be the best serial this company has ever turned out.

* * *

Supreme Court Justice Donnelly has granted permission to Theda Bara to legally assume the name she made famous in the "movies." This ruling also applies to her father, mother, sister and brother, the family name having been Goodman.

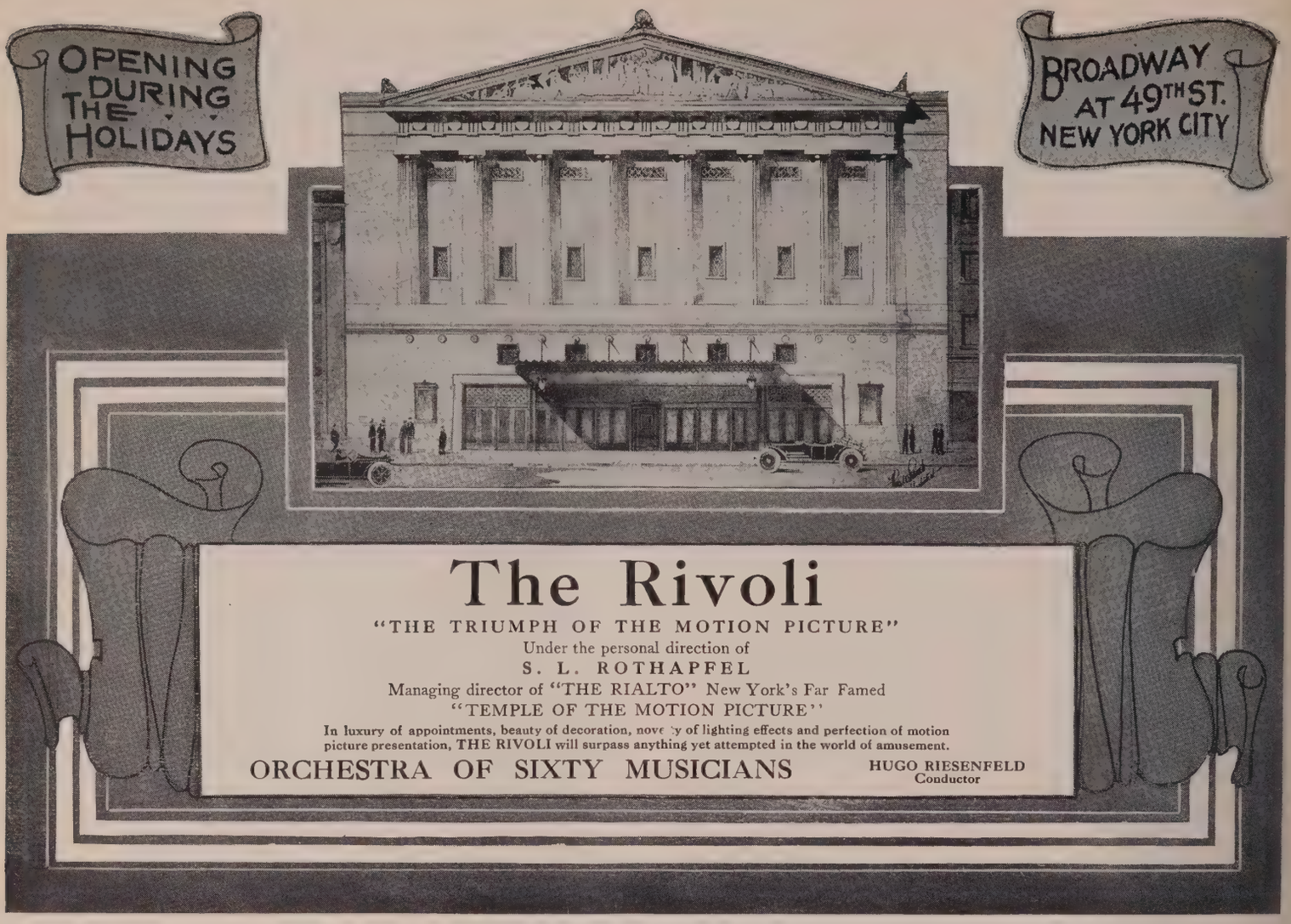
William Fox has a new star with a Russian name, Sonia Markova, but somehow or other this photograph is reminiscent of Gretchen Hartmann

Edna Goodrich, as she will probably look fifty years hence. At the present time Miss Goodrich is spending all her leisure moments starring for the Mutual Film Corporation

Belle Bennett, of the Triangle, of whom great things are expected

Theodore Kosloff, Russian dancer, as he appears in "The Woman God Forgot"

Winifred Allen of the Triangle, who is rapidly making a name for herself



UNWINDING THE REEL

Mary Pickford's next production will be "Stella Maris." Marshall Neilan will direct.

* * *

"The Land of Promise" is the title of the next Billie Burke picture and Paramount announces that Thomas Meihan will play opposite Miss Burke in the leading male rôle.

* * *

Hayden Talbot, journalist, foreign correspondent and playwright, is the most recent addition to the Triangle scenario-writing forces at the Culver City studios.

* * *

Dorothy Dalton's next Paramount picture will be entitled "Love Letters."

* * *

It is estimated that 27,000 people have been used in the filming of "Lest We Forget," in which Rita Jolivet is starred. "Lest We Forget" will be distributed through the Select.

* * *

President William Parsons of the National Film Corporation announces that Enid Markey will play the part of Jane Porter in that company's production of "Tarzan of the Apes."

The last of the George Ade "Fables in Slang," made by Essanay, is called "The Fable of the Back-Tracker from the Hot Sidewalks." This completes the second series of twelve Ade Fables.

* * *

Henry B. Walthall has completed his first Paralta play, "His Robe of Honor," and has been aiding patriotic organizations on the West Coast before starting work on his second picture.

* * *

Sessue Hayakawa and a company of film players are sojourning in Hawaii, sent there by Jesse Lasky to film a story entitled "Hidden Pearls." This is said to be the longest and perhaps the most expensive trip taken by a Paramount or Artcraft producing unit.

* * *

"Petticoats versus Pants" has been selected as the next of the Mutual-Horkheimer productions featuring Anita King.

* * *

William S. Hart has begun his third Picture for Artcraft to be known as "The Blood Hound."

The Essanay Company announces four new comedy-dramas for release before the first of the year. The first is entitled "Kill-Joy," featuring little Mary McAllister. "Gift-o'-Gab," featuring Jack Gardner is next. Taylor Holmes is featured in the third comedy drama, "The Small Town Game," adapted from the Munsey magazine story, "The Picture of Innocence." Another picture featuring Mary McAllister will be released just before Christmas entitled "Sadie Goes to Heaven," adapted from *Good Housekeeping Magazine* the story of the same name by Dana Burnet.

* * *

"The Zeppelin's Last Raid," a Thomas Ince production, is the first United States Corporation's release. It has been well received.

* * *

The English actor, Lumsden Hare, has signed a contract to appear in the second of the Petrova features.

* * *

We shall shortly be invited to attend a showing of "Treasure Island."

* * *

A dramatization of "Rose of the World" has been completed. Elsie Ferguson is the star.

The Russian Legion of Death has been portrayed for the screen by the Metro and is the third of that company's patriotic productions.

* * *

Thomas H. Ince's story "Those Who Pay," with Bessie Barriscale, will be the second U. S. Corporation's release.

* * *

"The Heart of Sunset," a Rex Beach feature, is now being made in California by Frank Powell. Anna Nillson will be the principal feminine player.

* * *

It is said that Nazimova's salary for her appearance in a Metro production was thirty-five thousand dollars. These figures are said to have been based on a thousand dollars per day, being paid for thirty-five days, the time necessary to complete the feature.

* * *

Speaking of judges and courts, Judge Ward of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed an order granted to J. Hartley Manners, last June, which restrained the Triangle Film Corporation from exhibiting the Enid Bennett picture, "Happiness," under that title.

RICHARD ORDYNSKI — ACTION—CAMERA!

I HAVE been in the Movies!

There is one thing I have learned in this country and that is "to be a good sport." It came as a surprise to me and it pleased my nature more than any other discovery I have ever made about myself. If I look back to my University days, where I lived with-

RICHARD ORDYNSKI

in the world of the "high brow scholar," full of ideas but lacking exercise in sports and gymnastics, as well as in my sense of humor; if I think back to my graduation as Professor of Literature, and then see myself here on the Movie "plant," acting, made up and almost ready to do all kinds of "stunts," I laugh heartily at myself and I "feel great."

There was something in the air that overcame my nature, something of the enterprising energy so vernacular in America—and not so general by far with us Europeans—to take up the next thing and to do it with a perfectly good spirit, regardless of one's social position. It would be fun to see my Polish pupils, college boys and girls between fifteen and twenty, watching me run about, act, "be taken," and for the moment, at least, believing in this world of black and white.——— To think of all the respect they had for me! I should laugh to see the faces of my friends in Poland, with whom I used to discuss political, literary or artistic matters for days and nights, and who foresaw me always in some dignified social position, if they could realize that I have been living the life of a "movie actor" for four weeks.

Still, I am sure I would make them all like the fun of it and laugh and enjoy it, if I only could observe the same spirit with which I did it and could forget the endless tragedy in which I have left them behind me in my country.* * * * * * *

Experiencing and experimenting are great things if one ever expects to be in the position of directing others. I have been honored several times by propositions to direct moving pictures, but I have always declined, because the inside and the details of the cinematographic production were unfamiliar to me. This time, by a happy accident, suddenly confronted with an interesting proposition, I felt like a "good sport" and flattered myself that I was young enough to learn almost anything. I have done it and I am sincerely grateful to those who gave me the chance and who were game enough to go through with it.

I do not want to give away my opinion of the many secrets and mysteries which, according to some professionals, seem to mark the difference and distinction between the work on the legitimate stage and on the screen. The Movie world, young as it is, is already full of traditions and superstitions. When one enters the realm of the camera, there will be always some "Virgil," to take one gently by the hand and mysteriously utter the words:

"Lasciate ogni speranza!"

But, above other things, I have been immediately struck by the general standard rule in the Movies —the cry for "Action." Too often has action been the result of the much misunderstood demand for dramatic expression on the legitimate stage. The demand for sensationalism created the wrong idea about the dramatic construction which asserts that incidents ought to follow one another all through the drama, so as to prepare the audience for more or less unexpected climaxes. Students of the real drama will know that these rules are misguiding and dangerous.

The three best motor cars manufactured in this country were once designated by the abbreviation of their names to three P's, and now these letters sometimes become the symbol of the three essential ingredients used in "manufacturing" certain popular plays. The call is for "Punch," "Push" and "Pep!"

It is obvious that this would be much more the case in the films, and, to my mind it is just as corrupt there as it is in the dramatic stage. But, while on the stage the author might always smuggle in speeches and references outside of the purely dramatic action, to save the literary value of his play, on this point the film production seems to be perfectly merciless. Everything that is not action, is not "drama," and, therefore, must be eliminated, and where the story proper would suggest a situation interesting but not exactly dramatic, an action must be found immediately and framed into the picture. The "close-up" is the only relief, giving the actor a chance to express his feelings. With this exception everything must follow in ruthless sequence.

Very little time can be given for creating the proper atmosphere for the action and thus action is presented in a perfectly bare state. I now can understand why sometimes beautiful stories, well known in literature, lose all their charm on the screen and why the logic which led the author through the action seems to have vanished between the camera and the screen.

I have been instructed that this policy, which seems to be rather inartistic, has been started and forced by exhibitors representing an audience of several millions. I have my doubts about the exactness of this general demand, if there is any. I cannot help thinking that on the film as well as on the stage, the audience can be led to better things. Of course, it is not an easy way, and it may for the time being be commercially dubious, but it surely would appeal to a respectable minority.

In order to do this, the films will have to go through a very interesting evolution, if they should not be bold enough to undertake a radical revolution. Here we are nearing the very point so often discussed; whether or not the moving pictures are an Art, and whether they can ever become or create an art.

The academically precise term of Art could scarcely be applied even to the theatre, if the stage were only reproducing the written drama. But since the theatre undertook the production of dramas as a medium for exhibiting human characters, not only by mechanical photography of the written manuscript, but by letting human beings equipped with the most subtle human emotions, live through the joys and pains of the characters of the drama, and since they surround those characters with all the atmosphere, which enables them to liberate the tensity of such emotions, the Theatre freed itself from a merely reproducing quality. A worthy play produced in a worthy manner creates on the stage its own world—and such a Theatre produces Art.

It will be a hard and difficult struggle for Moving Pictures before they can arrive at the point where the artistic Theatre is standing now. As a matter of fact, it will never be possible for a photographic production to appeal fully to our senses, because it can only give shadows and indicate motions, thus depriving us of the most wonderful appeal which a living human being can produce—that of giving its perfect body form to our eyes and to our brains and hearts. We are not their mere spectators, we become witnesses and live through the sensitive drama. As long as the Moving Pictures will only copy, in a more or less perfect manner, they will surely have millions for audiences, make millions of dollars and be more popular than any other entertainment in the world's history, but they will stay away from Art and confine themselves to a profitable industry.

Many Motion Pictures have produced beautiful things, created wonderful situations and have possessed, sporadically, a great fascination, but they have not yet created a world of their own and they do not seem to be anxious to do it.

I have been told that some companies lately decided to produce in future only moving pictures based on well-known fiction, or well-known successful dramas. This policy, to me, is a dangerous backward step; it is, of course, "the easiest way," and it is simply an exploitation of the commercial values involved in the titles of certain well-known novels or plays. But it is like giving up all hope that with the aid of the wonderful mechanics of photography a new land of unknown motions and emotions can be opened to our senses. They will never reach the heights of impression which may be received through reading a famous book or attending a theatrical performance. And they will neglect the wonderful task lying before them. Where are those pioneers of the new art in pictures, if they do not desire to create new feelings and new impressions and remain satisfied with a vain reproduction, and a borrowing of their appeal from other Arts? They will surely improve the business end, they are surely improving the execution of films, but they are deserting the idea of doing big things.

The only way in which Art could ever be applied to moving pictures would be in forgetting all stories and dramas and starting a new era of writing and producing exclusively for the camera and for the screen. A great imaginative poetic talent should devise a new form of scenario writing and should realize the difference of means and methods between the printed story, the produced play and the screened picture. Pioneers who believe in moving pictures must take up the task—and stand for their artistic distinction.

Crimes have been committed upon dramatic art by many so-called dramatizations of well-known stories. Crimes are being committed on the screen because producers are not discriminating enough in their appeal.

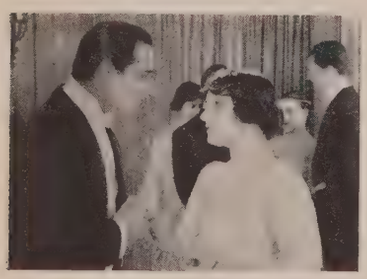
The film of the future will bring out a special kind of technique; it will produce writers who will know the special construction of the moving picture, as well as the playwright knows the technique and construction of the drama. They might find, with the help of imagination and good taste, the way to our sense of beauty, and might create fascination without confining themselves to the strict and rigid rule of "Action—Camera!"

THE STARS ELLIOTT DEXTER HAS LOVED

MY apologies to Mr. Owen Moore, Mr. Thomas Clark and M. Muratore, for I really don't mean what the title says. "Stars I Have Loved (according to the scenario) on the Screen" would be more nearly accurate but less arresting to the eye and if I had used it you might have looked no further. Whereas now you see you're down into the middle of the first paragraph seeking to find out just what stars are to be compromised. And this, the publicity man assures me, is a very desirable end, inasmuch as Mrs. Owen Mary Pickford Moore, Mrs. Thomas Elsie Ferguson Clark and Madame Lina Cavalieri Muratore all belong to the same picture producing company. Just how that alters the situation, I am unable to say. The ways of these press agents are strange.

Elliott Dexter With Marie Doro in "Castles for Two"

It all started last week at Fort Lee when a Paramount publicity sleuth appeared on the scene the day we were in Italy. He met me on the steps of San Marco just adjoining Baldpate Inn with the Algiers of "Barbary Sheep" in the offing and around the corner from that Belgian



With Margaret Illington in "The Inner Shrine"

street you saw in "Arms and the Girl." San Marco, it so happens, was made of plaster and wood and its use was strictly confined to a few scenes in Madame Cavalieri's first Paramount picture "The Eternal Temptress" (I think the press agent must admit that I have worked that in rather neatly—I am not so sure about the editor).

The press agent, as I said, before I tried to work in the publicity part of it, met me on the steps of San Marco. I welcomed him first of all because every true artist's soul is inspired by the sight of a press agent and secondly because he addressed me in English. It was the first reminder of home I had had all morning. You see Madame and her director Emile Chautard converse in French. The cameraman takes his instructions from M. Chautard in French and gives them out in Italian and the mysterious rabble that pops up overnight every time extra people are needed all chatter in a cross between pidgin dago and pure wop.

So when he said "Ah! Mr. Dexter, in soft again, I see," I refrained from withering him with a temperamental Latin look (acquired during the morning) and put on my best American air. (I could say something patriotic here about my "best American air" being "The Star-Spangled Banner" which I am told I sing atrociously although I know

With Mary Pickford in "Romance of the Redwoods"

all the words, but I fear I am straying a bit from my subject.)

Let's see, where were we? Oh yes. Then I said to him, "What do you mean 'in soft?'"

"Don't you make love to 'the most beautiful woman in Europe' in this picture? Aren't you Madame Lina Cavalieri's leading man? Is she not radiantly beautiful as sky and earth when Autumn's sun is downward going; is she not glowing, lovely, comely, brilliant, gorgeous, enchanting, divine as a fairy pageant floating for a pastime on the tide, as an Olympian divinity, as an angel, as an oriole, as childhood's golden dream, as is the rose of June?" (It seems the fellow had been reading the Dictionary of Similes before he set out for Fort Lee, but I didn't learn that till afterwards.)

I was rather glad to get away from the silent drama for a bit so I listened as he raved on: "And just before this picture were you not enmeshed in the lovely snares of Elsie Ferguson as 'Jennie Cushing'? Have you not made love to Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Margaret Illington, Mae Murray, and Marie Doro, as their leading man in Paramount Pictures?"

"But she's my wife," I said.

"Which?" he said and didn't wait for an answer. "Sweet cookie, I call it," he went on in that strange patois indigenous to Broadway. "Here you are wooed and won by the veritable queens of the celluloid drama and you ask me 'whaddye mean "soft"'?"

"Imagine being leading man for such captivating radiance as surrounds the starry heavens of Elsie, the pulchritudinous Lina, the divine, Marguerite, the adorable, Mary, the lovable, Marie, the wonderful (asking your pardon as a husband) to say nothing of Mae, the kissable and Mrs. Vernon, the *je ne sais quoi.*" (He was going in his best press agent style now, and I hated to stop him.)

"You have made love to them all in summer and winter, in Italy and in the northlands, in Holland and on the sea, in the golden West and in the effete East. You have held them in your arms while the camera ground out its turbulent tale; Nay,

With Lina Cavalieri in "The Eternal Temptress"

you have e'en kissed them! Oh tempora! Oh mores! And you ask me 'whaddye men "soft"'?"

"Now here's the idea. There's many a brave heart in the backwoods who would pine to know how to make love to such transcendent beauties, unreciprocal though they may be. There's many a timorous maiden in the upstate country who is palpitating to learn what such regal love really means. You tell 'em. 'Personal Reminiscences of the Stars I Have Loved.' You know. Snappy stuff with a universal appeal. Bare your heart, or what's left of it after the picture queens have each had their bit. Talk about Marie Baskertscheff or Mary McLane! They leave me cold when I think of what your confessions are going to be."

Well the man was positively

With Elsie Ferguson in "Rise of Jennie Cushing"

contagious. He had me believing I led a charmed life. He made me think I should be the most envied of men. He tore phrase after phrase out of the English language

With Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North"

and hurled it at me until I was numb with the fear he would stop. And it resulted in my promise to him to do as he said.

So here we have it, right where it started at the top of the story. "Stars I have loved."

The spell of the press agent left me. The glow of his contagious enthusiasm has left me cold in the morning of my reflection. Too late I realize that what I have to tell can be of little moment in a world where love off the screen must ever be more interesting than celluloid love. But a promise is a promise and I must fulfill mine.

The stars I have loved are all charming women, artists of dramaturgy, beautiful women with brains, anomalous as you may think that is; gracious ladies of culture, considerate, meek, anxious to please not the director who has them in charge nor the leading man to whose screen love they aspire but the great

With Mae Murray in "The Plow Girl"

public which has taken them to its heart. Temperament? Yes. Temper? I have seen none of it in any of them. They are indefatigable workers, docile, tractable, resourceful, beautiful. They all deserve their great success and I am proud to have been associated, however humbly, with each one of them.

The press agent has seen my tale and says it's unworthy. But no tale that I could tell would be worthy of a subject so great or could do justice to the principals involved. Next time I shall let him tell it in his own way.

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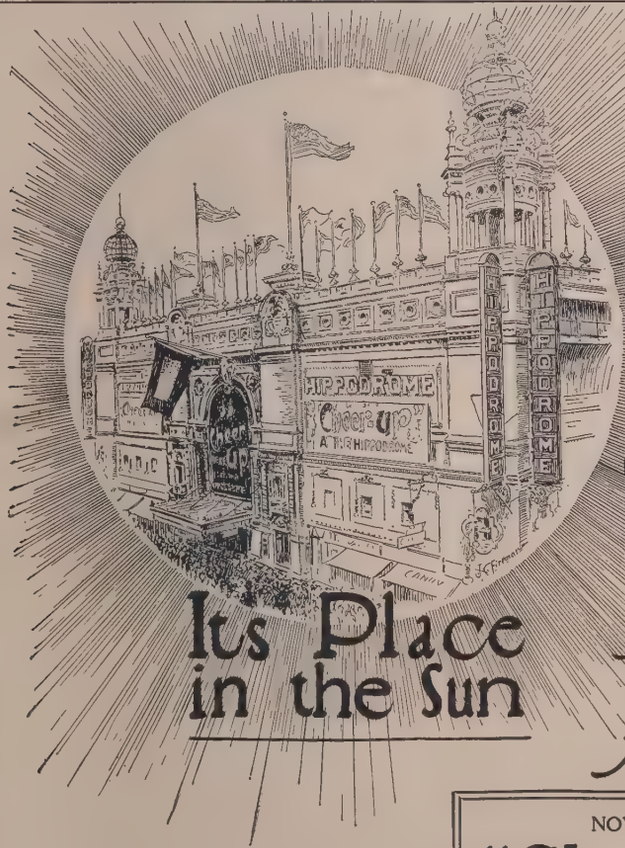

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"MARY'S WAY OUT"
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"ONE OF US"
By Jack Lait
"THAT DAY"
By Louis K. Anspacher
"THE SKELETON"
By Frederic Truesdale
AND OTHER NEW PLAYS

MORE OPERA FOR NEW YORK

(*Continued from page* 391)

Giacomo Rimini, Hector Dufrane, Carel van Hulst, Desire Dufrere and Louis Kreidler are other baritones in the Chicago Opera organization. As for the bassos, there is the sonorous artist—Marcel Journet—Gustav Huberdeau (who made his reputation with Campanini and Hammerstein at the old Manhattan), Vittorio Arimondi, James Goddard, Constantin Nicolay and Vittorio Trevisan.

Jeska Swartz, Louise Berat, and Carolina Lazzari, an American contralto for whom Campanini predicts a great future, are among the list of contralti and mezzo-soprani which also includes Marie Claessens, Virginia Shaffer, and Cyrena Van Gordon.

All these artists make a formidable array, yet there are others. Anna Fitziu, who has sung with the Metropolitan and celebrated opera organizations in all parts of the world, will have leading soprano rôles; other sopranos are Maude Fay, who has also sung at the Metropolitan, Margaret Romaine (an American whom Campanini declares one of the most promising artists he has ever heard), Francesca Peralta, last year with the Boston Opera, Myrna Sharlow, and a number of other artists of great promise.

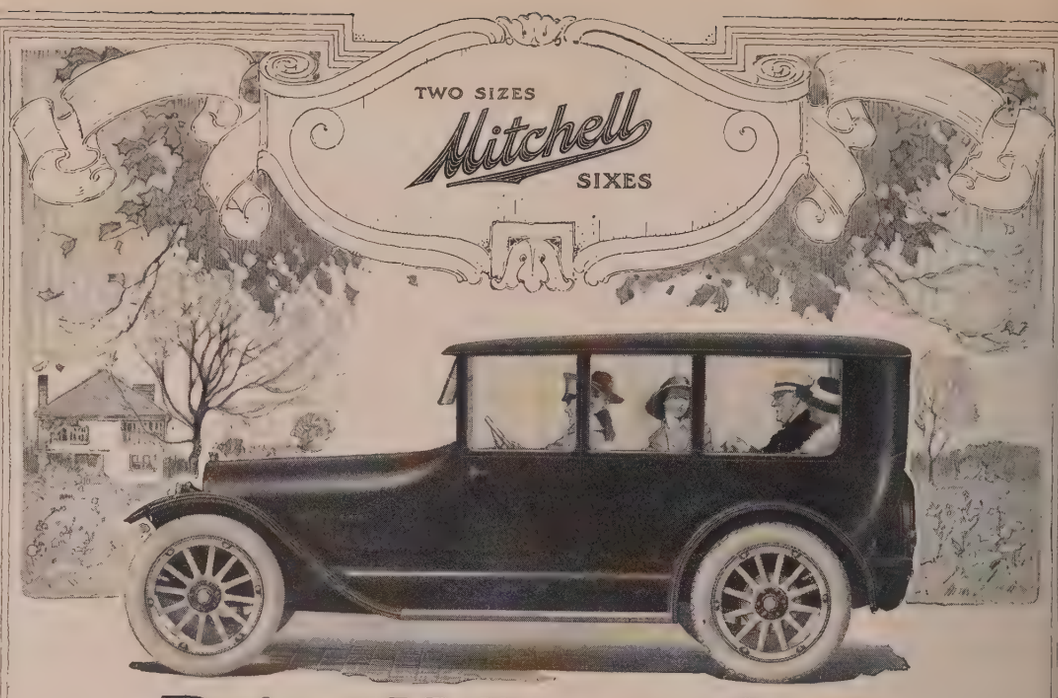
* * *

CHARLES DALMORES, a former Manhattan tenor favorite, Leone Zinovieff, Octave Dua, Forrest Lamont, an American, Edmund Warnery, and Warren Procter will have first tenor parts. The conductors, apart from Maestro Campanini himself, are Marcel Charlier and Giuseppe Sturani, while the assistant conductors, chorus master and stage director, Emile Merle-Forest, form a complement that might be expected in such a pretentious institution.

The repertoire is one of the broadest range, and not alone is to be comprised of standard works, but novelties which have been awaited, for some time, by an expectant American public. The novelties are: "Isabeau," by Mascagni, which has had favorable receptions abroad; "Le Sauteriot," by the young modern-school French composer, Sylvio Lazzari; Xavier Leroux's "Le Chemineau," which has had a reigning success abroad; the one-act opera, "Le Vieil Aigle," by Raoul Gounsbourg; Camille Erlanger's much talked-of "Aphrodite" and Massanet's posthumous opera, "Cleopatre."

A considerable part of the repertoire intended for New York will be selected from the following operas: In French—"Pelleas et Melisande," "Sapho," "Griseledis," "Don Quichotte," "Monna Vanna" and "Romeo et Juliet." In Italian—"Falstaff," "Ernani," "Fedora," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Secret of Suzanne," "Dinorah," "L'Africaine" and "Crispino e la Comare."

Apparently, from the foregoing, there is enough to lead the opera-patron to appreciate the extent of what is to be offered and the artistic manner in which it will be done. That Maestro Campanini will find a substantial welcome when he settles down for his New York season is undoubted. For he has accomplished things, and it is his way to continue so to do.



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